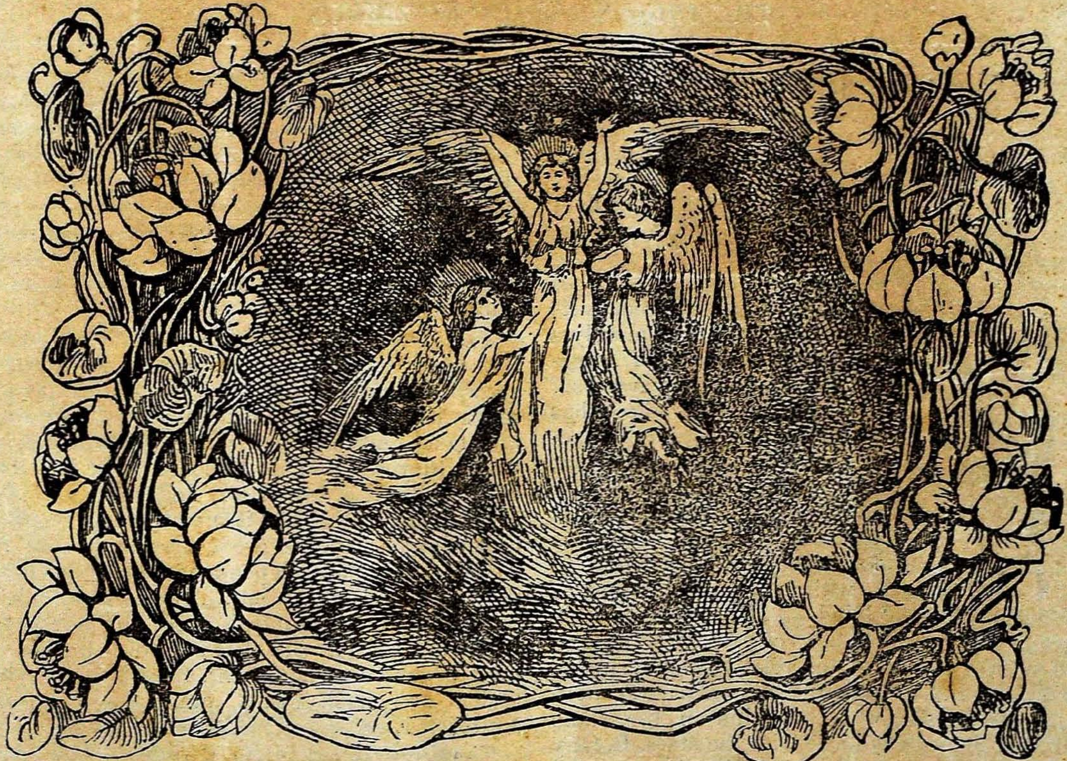

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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MOONLIGHT CALM

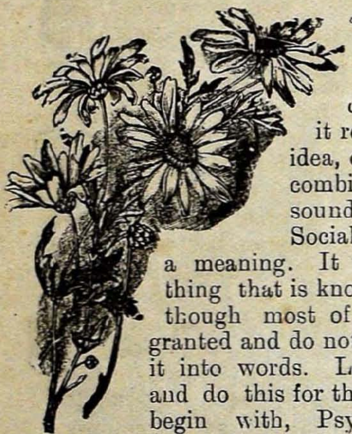
The setting sun with splendour
  Has made the West aglow;
The turmoil of the ocean
  Has sunk to murmurs low;
The wind which raged so wildly
  Is lulled to sleep at last;
It is the calm of evening,
  The stormy day is past.

Our life too has its tempests,
  Its rain of falling tears,
Its seas of billowy anguish,
  Which fill the heart with fears;
Its winds of fierce emotion
  That rage within the breast,
But in the calm of evening
  These too shall sink to rest.

And as the gorgeous sunset
  Gives promise of a day
Of calm and radiant beauty
  Where storms shall hold no sway;
So faith in colours glorious
  Proclaims the day of peace,
When joy shall be victorious,
  And all Earth's sorrows cease.

Social Psychology

I.



WHAT is Social Psychology? Does it refer to a definite idea, or is it merely a combination of large-sounding words? Social Psychology has a meaning. It refers to something that is known to all of us, though most of us take it for granted and do not attempt to put it into words. Let me now try and do this for those people. To begin with, Psychology means the science of the Mind. Science of anything means "the classification of fact, the recognition of their sequence and relative significance,"—this is the function, says Karl Pernon. Psychology deals with the Mind in the same way that Astronomy deals with the stars, Botany deals with Flowers, Biology with life, etc. It talks about, classifies, describes, investigates its subject. Psychology does all this with the Mind of the Individual, with the Mind that is, that we recognise is proved by each of us. But there is another and larger mind among us, that we express by much phrases as, "The Spirit of the Nation," "The Mind of the Community," "A State Ideal," "The Feeling of the People," etc., etc., and the investigation of these words is the work of Social Psychology.

The work of Philosophy is to bring all the facts which Science has spread before us, within certain definite principles—to show their why and wherefore; but this is by the way.

Now, in dealing with Societies, let us look first at that known as The Contract. This form is far-reaching and very important. When two or more persons combine in any undertaking, this Spirit of Contract is formed. It is something over and above the individual Minds of the persons; a new element is formed by the combination, which is not in any of them taken separately. If two men enter into partnership and bring into the Spirit of the Scheme, nothing beyond their own individual wills, purposes, and characteristics, the arrangement will probably fail. The Social Psychology is not working only an uncongenial clash of individual psychologies. The unrealization of this is the reason why Joint Stock Companies sometimes do fail.

The most universal example of this birth of a new Spirit, or Mind, which must result if the partnership is to be successful, is that of the Marriage Contract. Much has been written and said about the possible advisability of Terminal Marriages, and the cause of their absolute failure would be the non-necessity for the surplus Spirit, the margin of give-and-take, the new Social element added by both and impossible to each alone, which results from all successful marriages. The knowledge that the contract is limited, kills its growth.

The necessity of this give-and-take in life is felt by most of us, often unreasonably, as is shown by the cheerful way in which people, otherwise scrupulously exacting, will pay rates and taxes and take their share in concerns, by which they only indirectly benefit. It is deemed the Spirit of the State, and they accept it accordingly. We see it manifesting itself in larger ways in such great movements as the American War of Independence, the beginnings of the French Revolution. A Society then is a body which has control over the individuals which compose it, but that control is limited. If tried beyond a certain point, the Society breaks under and fresh forms under new aspects are formed.

The contractual view that we have been looking at, is not by any means an Ideal condition. It fails because it neglects other social bonds of which there are many; also it lays too much stress upon the individual, forgetting that he is but a member in a body. It is in fact, but one function of the Science of Social Psychology, in the same way that Memory is one function of the Mind in the Service of Psychology, vibrations in the study of Nervo-Physics, Anatomy in Medicine, the constitution of Gases in Astronomy, etc.

Now, let us look at Society as an Organism. In many ways it resembles an organic growth in the plant or animal world. Like them it is dynamic, not static—capable, that is of unexpected movements and free growths. Again, like the plant or animal, it grows from within, all real life is its own centre and mainspring, the body being simply a sheath that it has formed round itself by what it takes in—air, light and food. The crystal, on the other hand, grows from *without* that is, by a process of accretion or adding on to itself. Again, the organic growth in the vegetable and animal world, is always modified by its surroundings, and is always part of a greater whole.

In all these respects the Social Organism resembles it. But here the resemblance ceases. There is a great difference between the Social Organism and other Organisms. It lies in this—that while all other Organic growths are composed of members, which, separated from the whole, cannot function at all, or only very

feebly, the Social Organism is composed of members that when separated have each independent wills, thoughts and actions of their own. It is true that these wills and thoughts and actions cannot produce the same result, when working singly or *when their totals are all added together* one by one, as they do, when composed into a single whole, but the study of this combination *is* Social Psychology. The human Organism is much more plastic than other organic growths—it is Organic but not an Organism.

I propose to show in a few succeeding papers on this subject how peoples and their Psychology are affected by Geographical situation and climate, by economic conditions and by certain inherent tendencies, which the word "Heredity" only inadequately describes.

M. C. SIDGWICK.

The Children in our Homes

THE present-day problems are many in number, and striking in their nature. We read about the agitation in the political atmosphere of the country, we hear of the country, we hear of the stir of feeling caused by patriotism, we listen to eloquent orators on social questions, the education of our women, the abolition of caste, and early marriage, and other sweeping reforms, but do we hear of any lecture or speech dwelling on the subject of 'the children in our homes'? I think this is India's sad failing at the present time and has ever been so. This is because the family life is one-sided. There is no communion and interchange of opinions and tastes, no equality of position between the parents in a family. Woman has always been considered as a secondary element in the home, and as such there is no true home education for the boy or girl. Children are left to grow up by themselves. No amount of education will remedy this. However many the ideas may be which the boy and girl may acquire subsequently in school-life and after, there is nothing so effectual as the influence of an early home-life. The memory of it will live in the mind till death shall have blotted out all memories. It will serve as a guide and as a restraint; it will encourage and stimulate; it will uphold and inspire. But what is the home-life the children should have? Let us take the present life as it stands. From babyhood there is no regularity preserved as to food and habits; no attempt at discipline is made by the soft-hearted mother, who yields to her baby's impulses, thinking the time for correction will come later. The father sees little of the child, except perhaps to caress it at odd intervals. The child is unaccustomed to beautiful surroundings, hears no interchange of thought and opinion between the two nearest in its affection, becomes accustomed to having its own way, to clamouring for its wants, to pay no respect for persons, but to see self attended to. The needs of mutual help and sympathy, of interest and work for others, of self-control and self-sacrifice, of carefulness and obedience are not early planted in the child. Next, turn to the moral education of the children. Do they know and understand any thing about their parents' religion. The mother takes her little ones with her as she goes to worship in the temple of her goddess. She goes through some ceremonies. The child is taught to do the same, but the why or the wherefore of the same is left unexplained. The precepts of morality are not taught to the child, but more often, it is worse. Some Hindu children think nothing of telling a lie, or covering their action by some deceitful means, and a child feels no compunction in doing so.

This shows that the attitude of the child's mind is false, and is she or he to start life with these ideas? Again, the atmosphere of a Hindu home for children is very unwholesome. The elders, specially the women, think nothing of speaking about matters which children should not hear, so much so, that a little child of eight knows many things which should have been kept from her. Childhood is sacred, and as such, we ought to realise it. It should be protected from the taint of the vulgar word outside. It should breathe in the pure air of heaven Children are flowers; they should be reared in the sunshine of love and in the temple of holiness.

Again, take the school-life of the children, the girls have an easy time of it in schools. According to the present curriculum, much time is allowed for game and play. But the boys from the beginning have a hard time of it. Though they may join Kindergarten Schools and have as easy a curriculum as the girls, yet the feeling at home about the boys' education is different to that about the girls'. The parents feel that in the days of keen competition, the boys must work and pass examinations, and thus fit themselves for their life's work. It is a period of cram for them from the time they enter school till they enter their professions, and then it is a grind; ill-paid work,

with always a keen ambition at least to rise higher and higher, and thus the lamp of life becomes dim as everything sweet and lovable is left behind. The school-boy's life is a hard one. He has hard work at school, and when he comes home, he is made to sit to his books again. The picture of the worried little school boy conning his lessons aloud at a dim lamp is a common one in Hindu households. The father perhaps sometimes takes an interest in his boy's lessons, but does not help him in an intelligent way, I mean by teaching him to observe, and draw conclusions for himself in relation to the common events of life. The mother perhaps pities the child for working so hard, and looks to his physical wants, but she cannot enter into his studies, and thus the child is not led to converse about his home-life, his aspirations and his friends. The school-life is kept separate from that of the home-life. There is no healthy recreation afforded him after the strain of work. Perhaps he is compelled to play some games at school, but even here he is not understood at home. The jargon of football and cricket and the exhilaration of the games are not appreciated at home because not understood. Everything is enjoyed twice—once in the actual happening of it, another time in the living over of the same thing again in memory or in the company of one who understands.

The latter is denied to the Indian school boy. There is no recreation for the mind in the shape of concerts, amusements, and sight-seeing. Picture galleries are unheard of in India. Concerts are altogether out of the question. As to amusements, they are usually of so low a nature, that it is much better to keep the children away from them. Also no music enters into their education, except the songs of the dancing-girl, but that music is not educative or inspiring, as it cannot be *dissociated* from the singer herself. The boys have no proper literature; books are not carefully selected for them by their elders, and consequently they read anything that they can get hold of, neither is there afforded them any suitable magazine literature. Besides all these disadvantages, they are too shy to mix in the society which gathers round the father. Thus, they do not hear the opinions of experienced men. They are also denied the refined society of women, because none such can be had. In this way they are left to grow up as best they may, to fashion their own life, to adopt their own ideas, and to develop in character as chance may rule. Will not the cause of the children be adopted? are they not worth fighting for? The possibilities of the nation lie in them; they are the makers of the future generations, and 'the character of a generation can only be moulded by personal character.' Hence, parents ought to see that the personal character of the children is rightly developed. This is the main thing. A real home-life, where the mother takes an equal share in the burden of the day, where there is mutual love, sympathy and help; where each is loved and respected by the other, and where each works for the other's happiness—this is the essential of home-life. The family should demand service from all its members. The children should specially be made to realise this, but at the same time they should be made to feel the beauty and strength of their parent's love, the all-enfolding care and protection of the parental home, and the sacredness of holy family ties and affections. The children should be given a good moral education. It is true they love freedom, and many say that this side of their education is hated by children. But the instincts of children are good. They have in them an innate love of obedience; and they will soon find freedom in the ready acquiescence in the discipline—the order of things—that surrounds them. Children should be made to see that they are bound by natural and moral laws, the infringement of which brings its own punishment. They should also be made to realise that they are not the only people in the world, that there are others who need help and sympathy and love. Ideas of self-sacrifice, of self-forgetfulness, and of working for others should early be planted and developed in children. A wide sympathy should be cultivated, a generous heart and kindly deeds should early be encouraged. This depends to a large extent on the mother, who is responsible almost solely for the early implanting of such an education, and lessons learnt and prayers said at the mother's knee will always be our guardian-angel throughout life.

There is one great lesson that we can always be teaching, whether directly or indirectly, the lessons that the world has, in a hundred ways, need for the whole-hearted service of every one among us. It is not enough to know and understand the sorrows, the wants and the aspirations of the community in which we live. It is for us to work and lighten the burden, and we should teach our children to do the same. Encourage them to do some little service for others, however little; it is of value if done voluntarily and spontaneously, as it will keep fresh the spirit of self-sacrifice and the spirit of service for others. The duty of moral education has been summed up very simply by a sympathetic writer. It is this: "make war relentlessly on self-indulgence and indolence; and see that the children have a chance to find supplies for all those moral deeds which are so real to them—a law of life to act within, persons to love, causes to be enthusiastic about, a community to serve, and, if you can, a worthy leader to follow."

In the above pages, when I have spoken of the children, I have always had in my mind the children of the middle class and well-to-do people. The brown babies, toddling about in the red dust of the street, supremely unconscious of the privileges that are denied them, and yet with a pathetic longing in their sad dreamy eyes—these require a separate chapter for themselves. But whoever they are, the cry of the children comes up to us, and we must attend to them, and we must get up and work for them.

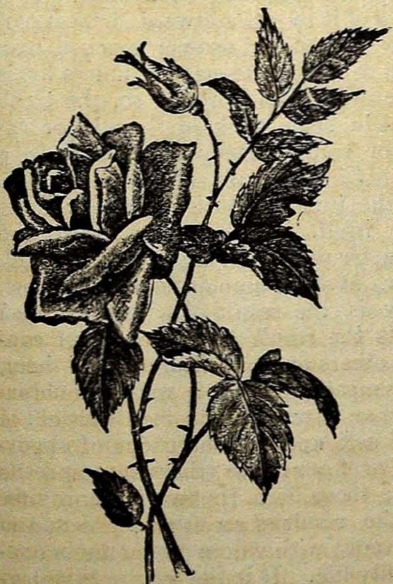
H. K.

Maxims and Mottoes for Home and School Teaching

FROM SACRED WRITINGS
ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED

By Lady Benson.

VI.



"The life to come is better and more enduring."

Koran, Ch. 87. 17.

"The wages of sin is death."

Romans VI. 23.

"To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace."

Romans VIII. 6.

"The words of wisemen are heard in quiet more than the cry of him that ruleth among fools."

Eccl. IX. 17.

"The words of a wise man's mouth are gracious; but the lips of a fool will swallow up himself; the end of his talk is mischievous madness."

Eccl. X. 12, 13.

"There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked."

Isaiah XLVIII. 22.

"The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Proverbs IV. 18.

"The righteous hath hope in his death."

Proverbs XIV. 32.

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

Psalm XV. 3.

"The lips of the wise disperse knowledge."

Proverbs XV. 7.

"This is the will of God, even your sanctification, that ye should abstain from fornication."

I Thess. IV. 3.

"There are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busy bodies. Now them that are such we command and exhort that with quietness they work and eat their own bread."

II Thess. III. 11, 12.

"The end of the Commandment is charity out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience."

I Timothy I. 5.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind."

"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

"The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever."

Is. XXXII. 17.

"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?

Jer. XVII. 9.

"The way of transgressors s hard."

Proverbs XIII. 15.

"The words of the pure are pleasant words."

Proverbs XV. 26.

"Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Proverbs XXII. 6.

"Those who earn an honest living are the beloved of God."

Traditional saying of Mahomed.

"Thine own friend and thy father's friend, forsake not."

Proverbs XXVII. 10.

"Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."

Ps. CXII. 4.

"Unto God belongeth the sovereignty of the Heavens and of the Earth, and of all that they contain; and He hath power over all things."

Ch: V. 120.

"Use hospitality one to another without grudging; we exhort and charge every one of you, as a father doth his children, that ye would walk worthy of God."

I. Thess. II. 11, 12.

"Warn them that are unruly."

I. Thess. V. 1-14.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Ps. XXX. 5.

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word."

Ps. CXIX. 9.

"Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight."

Is. V. 21.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Eccl. IX. 10.

"Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous."

Proverbs XXVII. 4.

"Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing."

Proverbs XVIII. 22.

"Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord and not unto men." Col. III. 23.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Philippians IV. 8.

"Whosoever curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness."

Proverbs XX. 20.

"Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles."

Proverbs XXI. 23.

"Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbour's house lest he weary of thee and so hate thee."

Proverbs XXV. 7.

"When there is no tale-bearer the strife ceaseth."

Proverbs XXVI. 20.

"Young men likewise exhort to be sober-minded." Titus 2. 6.

THE END.

Courtesy

COURTESY is the bond of society, the link which keeps the various warring elements of humanity at peace. It is the rich varnish which gives a lustrous glow to the thousand-and-one petty prosy details, which make up our every-day existence. It is the outward garb of the inner nature, a nature which has been refined perhaps in the fire of experience, or which has learnt lasting lessons from the observation of the deep truths of human life. It is the result of that wonderful, all-pervading sympathy, which can understand and enter into the feelings and lives of others as its own. In a word, it is the outward expression of a noble life, which expression is seen in every movement, attitude and gesture, and in every thought, word and action. But what is Courtesy? Is it only the outward polish of refined behaviour? It is true we judge of it by the outward demeanour. But it is also true that, however much a man may pretend to be courteous, yet unless he is by nature and education really so, the truth will come out in some trick of thought or expression. For true courtesy there must be a basis of nobility in the man. Through the outward garb, the inner nature must shine. It must show itself. However repressed the natural character may be, it must break through the limitations at some time or another. Hence, true courtesy is the result of a truly refined nature. It is the result of a thoughtful consideration of others and of a desire to help them, of a keen sympathy and of a watchful observation of human nature. It is the result of the repression of self and searching out of opportunities to give of our life to others, to sow seeds of kindness in those lives that are "hungry for joy." It is the result of an attempt to understand better those with whom we come in contact in our daily life. It is the result of the laying out of yourself for the furtherance of the interests of your fellowmen. Such is true courtesy and the man who is influenced by such motives of generosity or helpfulnes will unconsciously and without effort be truly courteous to all sorts and conditions of men, and will be perfectly at home in rich men's palaces as in poor men's hovels.

But how is this obtained? By means of a liberal education, one that will break through the barriers of custom and prejudice. By strengthening the will character will tend to give a

deeper understanding of human nature, so that we may learn to penetrate the surface of life and look with "seeing eyes" at our fellow-men. The main point is the formation of character, which can stand the shocks and buffets of the world, which can depend on itself and decide for itself and which on account of its steadiness and self-reliance will prove a support and a help to others. "The basis of good manners is self-reliance," says Emerson. Man must be self-possessed before he can feel himself at home in society. If he is constantly thinking of himself, his dress or his way of behaving, he is awkward and ill at ease. But if he forgets all these little details, he will find that he is not only secure in himself, but by his good nature and self-possession will be a source of help to many a shy individual. The secret of this is to give no room for thought about self, but to think only of those around us. As one reads of the old-fashioned courtesy of bygone ages, and the noble chivalry of the middle ages, one is charmed by pleasing manners and the benevolent conduct. "Repose and cheerfulness are the badge of the gentleman," says an eminent writer,—a repose in energy, a repose of manner which gives one the idea of great controlled strength behind it, which is not the result of ennui or disinterest, but which is the combined result of courage and self-command. Every man or woman must try to cultivate a quiet courteousness, which is never in a hurry but at the same time never too slow; a soothing manner, which is free from restlessness, and which makes those who come near you feel that they can rest. There is much in the manner of speaking, I mean, not the art of conversation, but just the voice, the intonation and the gesture. A hurried and excited manner or a loud or vociferous tone, calculated to attract attention, is most jarring and out of place. Quietness in movement, gentleness in speech and naturalness of manner are the essentials of courtesy. So much for deportment. This is only for the eyes, but we want acquaintance with the man himself, with the mind and heart. We want friendship and we hunger for knowledge. Opportunities for this are afforded by conversation. "Speech is power; speech is to persuade, to convert, to compel." Such is the art of conversation. It can be a source of pure delight, or it can sow seeds of distrust or hatred. It is the common ground, on which we meet, to discuss all the topics of life. True courtesy shows itself in conversation, which will never hurt the feelings of others. The egoist, the man who craves for sympathy, the sufferer who parades his miseries, the narrow-minded individual, who forms a ring round himself and forgets his relations to the world—these are inflictions on society. The law of society is respect, "a respect to the common soul of all the guests." We must not talk shop before company. We must lose our self-interests for a while. Tact will never for a moment violate this law. Another thing we are to guard against is not to make conversation a mere clever discourse of words. It is the things we say, not the way we say them in, that is important. However clever your conversation may be, what *you are* stands prominent and not what you say. Conversation is an art which is to be carefully cultivated, not for the sake of effect, but for delight and for inspiration. As one reads of the wonderful salons of distinguished French women, one can form some idea of the beauty of conversation. I cannot but quote here an anecdote told of Madame de Stael. "St Beuve tells us of the privileged circle at Coppet, that, after making an excursion one day, the party returned in two coaches to Coppet. The first coach had many a rueful accident to relate,—a terrific thunder-storm, shocking roads, and danger and gloom to the whole company. The party in the second coach, on arriving, heard this story with surprise;—of thunder-storm, of steeps, of mud, of danger, they knew nothing; no, they had forgotten earth and breathed a purer air: such a conversation between Madame de Stael and Bejimin, Madam-Recamier Constant and Schleyel! They were all in a state of delight. The intoxication of the conversation had made them insensible to all notice of weather or rough roads." Such is the power of conversation. Here is another small anecdote which shows that conversation can supply all deficiencies to fill up all gaps. It is recorded of Madame de Maintenon that once during dinner the servant slipped to her side with this request, "Please, Madame, one anecdote more, for there is no roast to-day."

But the objection raised is that we cannot always keep guard in conversation; we must let ourselves go. It is true, and have we not our friends, persons to whom we can speak as to ourselves, by whom we can measure ourselves or who shall hold us fast to sense and virtue." "Either death or a friend" says a Persian proverb, and when we have found such companions, we shall find that to them we can speak freely of all our thoughts and that no offence will be given or taken. It is certain that true and happy conversation doubles our powers. But, though the hunger for company is great, yet we must fix an iron limit on ourselves and not make ourselves a trouble to others.

Courtesy grows not only out of character, but out of circumstance as well. Environment is an important factor to consider in the bringing up of children. The outward polish is learned by observation and institution. To some grace comes naturally, while others must cultivate it. The chief factor is grace of mind and nobility of character and a keenly polished

mind, but sometimes it happens that when we come in contact with healthy wholesome natures, we learn many deep lessons from them by watching their manner and their behaviour. Environment and circumstances go much to make the man. Take a prince for instance, who has always been accustomed to homage or has acquired a becoming sense of dignity and graciousness. Take one who has been accustomed to live in the light of broad acres or of wealthy inherited estates; and he seems to have in him a sense of responsibility or power, which his position demands. It has grown with him, as it were. Take one who has been accustomed to live with nature, revelling in her grand moods soothed by her soft moments, one who has learned to *live* in her all the passing changes, and when such a man walks into a crowded drawing room, he brings with him a sense of freshness and purity of the open air, and the frank sense and generosity of one who has not met with deceit and falsehood in his daily experience. Hence, the strict importance of environment is the cultivation of character. Courtesy must be practiced at home and then it will come naturally in society. It must be remembered that it is not a garment to put on and put off at pleasure. Many people have said to me, why try to be polite in the inner home circle. We are among our own familiar friends and what need to show courtesy to each other? This is entirely an incorrect idea of courtesy. Courtesy is actuated by motives of helpfulness towards others. When a friend walks into a room, we get up and give him our chair, if need be. Is this only for the sake of politeness? Is it not out of consideration for him. Again, suppose we walk into a room and leave the door open behind us. If we had thought of the people in the room and how uncomfortable a draught would make them (in England draughts are dangerous things) we should make it a rule to shut the door behind us always and that gently. Then, things come by practice, but the motive is kindly and when it becomes a habit, etiquette steps in and make a hard and fast rule. So, if we look into the matter carefully we shall find that many of the strict rules of etiquette have but originated from the rules which courtesy by right demands of you. Hence, there is no such thing as society-etiquette and home-etiquette. "Eat at your own table as you would eat at the table of the King," says Confucius. "Practice courtesy in your own homes, practice the habit of looking after others and of being helpful to them, the habit to be willing to stoop, asking how much your friends love you, to ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear in their heart; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp, so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front, so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for you by the thought and a garden for your kindly feelings with the gate open." This is true courtesy and you will find that whether you walk in King's palaces and great men's wails, or under the most scrutinising eyes of strictest fashion, you will be honoured and respected. It is necessary that we should carry the outward form of courtesy into daily life. In our homes, we should endeavour to show towards each other numberless little acts of kindness and love;—to help our parents, to fetch and carry for them, to make little children thoughtful for others' feelings, to help the mother when she is tired, to help with the children at home, and so on. The Englishman is so very courteous to his wife and to the women of his household. In India, it is against custom for the woman to sit before her husband, in fact, it is taken as a sign of disrespect. But the Englishman first sees that his wife has a seat before he chooses his own. In tramcars and omnibuses and trains, you would never see a woman standing. The veriest stranger makes room for her. But a few days ago, going into one of the cars in Madras, I saw a Eurasian lady standing, while a number of men were most comfortably seated. Again, it is a very common sight to see the man walking on in front with an umbrella, while behind the woman walks on with a heavy bundle on her head, with a baby on her arm and with the hot sun beaming down on her bare head. Again, turn to domestic life. The man is most carefully looked after by the women of the household, but he never troubles his head about them; he never tries to make the hundred and one little worries a little lighter to bear. It is the same with the children. The elder brother and the elder sister are so protecting and motherly towards the little ones of the family in England, but here the Indian children are irresponsible. Unless they are told to do a thing, they never do it; they are not brought up to see things for themselves. Even in the treatment of your servants and our inferiors, we should show more respect towards them. Again, the art of conversation is cultivated to a great extent in English homes. When the family meet at meals, each member is encouraged to relate his or her experience, to give their opinions, to be made to think for themselves and be original. Each intellect sharpens and brings out the other. In Indian homes this want is much felt; the family rarely meet at meals; the good men of the home has his first, perhaps the children follow next, and the women last by themselves. Again, in the atmosphere of our homes, do we surround ourselves with beauty, with art and with music.

Many a harsh discord would be softened, if we had such an environment. The women speak in high loud tones, there are constant little jars among them, the men are indifferent, and the children are left to grow up as they best can. And then in company, the personal conversation, the constant interruptions and the interpolations of one's own thoughts, and so on. All these are not signs of true courtesy. But there is one thing to be said. We have each different standards of courtesy of our own, and so it is hard to compare one with another. But what is lacking in Indian comes in the mutual consideration for each o! his feelings, and the little acts of kindness and love. It is only because we are not accustomed to it. But with the influx of new thoughts and ideas, with the reading of the literature of other nations, of their mode of living and behaviour, I am sure, the rising generation will soon establish a real home-life for themselves, and they will form for themselves standards of courtesy to suit themselves and their country.

NALINI.

"Iris."

"In the Broad Highway of Life are luring paths down which, when woman treads, she ne'er returns."

CHAPTER I.

THE SERPENT'S STING.

JOHN DESPARD moved uneasily in his chair, then flung a cigarette into the fire and rose angrily to his feet. His usually pale face was flushed, and presented an appearance suggestive of over-indulgence in spirits as he turned towards the only other occupant of the room—a woman.

"I'm heartily sick of it all," he said somewhat hoarsely. "These sticks," pointing to the scanty furniture which adorned the room, "won't keep us long."

"What do you mean, John?" the woman asked, "surely things are not so bad as all that."

John Despard found it inconvenient to rely upon his feet for support, so sank heavily into the only comfortable chair in the room.

"Bah!" he said fiercely, "what else can you expect—you won't write to Cyrus Bland for money—my little lot is quickly diminishing, and what is left is only enough for one. I've kept you to the best of my ability for the last five years, denying myself the luxuries I was accustomed to before I met you, and now I am going to have my innings—you must look after yourself."

"And our child, John, what is to become of Iris? You wouldn't willingly let her starve."

John Despard flinched at the word—it left an unpleasant taste in his mouth—but his mind was made up, and her appeals were not destined to have the desired effect.

"I will stay on one condition," he said bitterly as though he had been striking a hard bargain. "Write to Cyrus Bland—tell him you want a hundred pounds; if he thinks as much of you as he always pretended to he will send such an amount which means nothing to him."

The pale face of the young wife was haggard and drawn as she turned towards the man she had loved, and whom she still loved with a devouring passion. For John Despard she had left Bland on the eve of her marriage to him, left him with only a short note so full of meaning to a man of honour, in which she had told him that she was marrying another man because she had given her heart to him. She little knew the terrible injury she was doing Bland, or the wound she had inflicted, which even Time could not heal, and now, to-day, she was face to face with the horrible fact that the man for whom she had given up so much was not prepared to throw his lot in with herself and their child when adversity had befallen them.

"I could never ask him for money," she replied solemnly. "I have done him enough harm already."

Perhaps John Despard knew what her reply would be; perhaps even he was glad, for one hundred pounds to him seemed to be a poor return for the incubus of a wife and a child whom he had long since ceased to trouble about.

"You always were a fool," he murmured hoarsely, and before the sting of his words had

thoroughly spent themselves upon the woman he made his way across the room and removed a sheaf of papers which had been stuck upon a nail on the wall, then having scanned them critically he placed them in his pocket.

Mary Despard's face was pinched and drawn as she watched his every movement; she knew full well that the papers which he had taken possession of were the receipts for the scanty furniture which adorned their two rooms, and the whole brutal truth dawned upon her.

"Good God, John," she cried, "you are not going to sell the furniture."

He turned upon her roughly. "Will you write to Cyrus Bland for a hundred pounds?"

"I cannot" the woman answered, "I would sooner starve."

The next moment Mary Despard stood alone in the room, and as the front door closed to with a bang, a little cry arose from the other room which told her that there was, at least, one creature left in the world for whom she must needs live.

Gently she tip-toed into the adjoining chamber and sinking on her knees beside the bed, ran her feverish fingers through the sleeping child's luxuriant hair, as the unspoken prayer played around her lips, "Oh, God, save my child from poverty."

CHAPTER II.

"HER CHILD!"

Mary Despard had at last resolved to adopt the only course left open to her whereby she might hope to save herself and her child from starvation—she would apply to Cyrus Bland for assistance.

Bland might turn her away or even refuse to see her—she could scarcely expect better treatment at his hands—but for her child's sake she was prepared to suffer almost any indignity.

And so, on a certain hot night in August, a bedraggled, wretched specimen of feminine humanity stood irresolutely on the pavement at the Marble Arch, taxing her anguished brain for the hundredth time with the advisability of carrying her intentions into execution.

The handsome face of the man she had deceived loomed up before her in her mind, and she fancied herself grovelling at his feet, craving his forgiveness, and—begging for money.

The little auburn-haired child, grown tired of waiting, pulled at her frayed skirts and turned towards her a pair of lovely eyes so early in life looking out upon a world of trouble.

A moment before Mary Despard had decided to abandon her visit, but the look of appeal on the child's wan face told of the ravages which the absence of proper nourishment had wrought. If pride should longer make her hesitate, her child's death might be laid at her door.

The house in Seymour Place where Cyrus Bland lived was but a stone's throw away and taking the little one's cold hand in hers she stepped from the pavement preparatory to crossing the road.

A passing motor car caused her to pause, and as she did so a man approached in the full glare of a neighbouring lamp. His cloak was thrown wide open disclosing his evening attire, and as he withdrew his cigar from his lips his eyes fell upon the poverty-stricken woman and child who barred his way.

For a moment, whilst London's gay throng passed on, the three stood transfixed! Mary Despard had at last found her husband, and under circumstances which gave her a strange courage. Shorn of his fine clothes in her eyes, she saw the man who had deserted her, who had left her and their child to starve, and as she noticed his furtive gaze to right and left, as though he were looking for a means of escape, she knew that their meeting had brought him anything but pleasure.

"John." Only the one word escaped her lips—lips drawn thin with pain and hunger.

"We can't talk here," John Despard whispered, forgetful that his wife had committed no sin which should make him ashamed of conversing with her. "Follow me, I won't take you far."

Less than fifty paces away he turned upon her fiercely. They had reached a spot half way between the lamps where they would be less open to the gaze of passers-by.

"You want some money, I suppose?" he said in a semi-whisper whilst his hand sought his breast pocket.

"I want you, John," the woman answered. "Our child wants you."

Despard frowned as his eyes alighted upon the little creature for whose existence he was responsible, then he forced a hollow laugh to his lips.

"Still a fool," he answered. "Here, take this," and as he spoke he extended his hand towards her in which lay crumpled a bank note.

"We're starving, John," the woman ventured. "I don't want money from you—I want your protection as a husband. You don't know all the dreadful things people say about our child in the parts where we have to live, when I tell them that her father is dead. They don't believe me—they don't believe that she is my husband's child. Don't let this stigma rest upon the innocent."

Mary Despard had ventured to rest her hand upon her husband's arm whilst she had been speaking, and when she had finished he shook

himself free as though her very touch had stung him.

"Are you going to take this money?" he asked harshly, for the inquisitive attention which more than one passer-by had paid them had irritated him.

Face to face with starvation the poor woman could easily have yielded to the tempting offer, but there was in her composition a grain of that seed which from the earliest times had sent martyrs voluntarily to their doom.

"Think of Iris, John," she pleaded, "she wants you, and you are her father."

John Despard gave vent to an expression which, though defiling his lips, perhaps expressed his feelings, and before the astonished woman had time to realise what had happened he had once more passed out of their lives, swallowed up in the great vortex of humanity which flowed along like a never-ebbing tide.

And the flood of tears which welled up in the woman's eyes, heralded by a deep sob, were only stayed by the plaintive words of her child. "Don't cry, mother; who was that naughty man?

Mary Despard could have spoken the truth—she could have told the girl that he was her father—the man who had sold their home and had left them to starve, but woman's love dies hard.

"Some one I knew long ago," she answered. Then once more they proceeded to cross the road in the direction of Seymoure Place.

* * * * *

It was nearly mid-night when the pair presented themselves at the front door of Cyrus Bland's house, and in answer to her request to see the owner the austere servant informed her that he was not at home, and that he would not have been bothered with the likes of her even had he been. And so the great battle with her conscience had been in vain; of course, a man in Cyrus Bland's position would never have granted an interview with a woman situated as she was. The world had no place for a starving woman and child—bitter experience had told her that, and why should he be an exception.

And so together, hand-in-hand, they turned their backs upon the brilliantly lighted house, out into the streets once more.

But Nature had run its course, and a beautiful release was at hand. For a moment the poor woman clutched the railings for support, the one lamp which shed its pale light upon mother and child seemed to burst into flame, then Mary Despard fell to the ground with a thud, safe for a time, at least, in that peace which the world had denied her.

A moment later as a man alighted from an electric brougham he found to his annoyance a woman and child lying at the foot of the steps leading to his house, and turning to the footman gave the necessary instructions that they were to be awakened and sent about their business. Such occurrences were all too frequent, and he was mentally blaming the police for their neglect when his servant arrested his attention with the disconcerting information that the woman was either dead or dying.

Cyrus Bland—for he it was who had just arrived upon the scene—needed no second bidding, for his nature rebelled against the neglect of those who were in need of help, and with the assistance of his servant he carried the woman into the house, and, leaving her to the tender mercies of his house-keeper, turned his attention to the child who stood alone in the great hall marvelling at the wonderful sights around her, for some officious menial had refused to allow her to accompany her mother.

"Well, little one," he said kindly, taking her hand and leading her into his study. "You must stay with me here until they tell me how —she—is going along." He did not venture to suggest any relationship between the two.

"She is my mother," the child answered sharply as though she were proud of the confession, "and she came here to see you."

Something—it may have been the droop of the sorrowful mouth, or even the subdued light in the eyes, arrested Cyrus Bland's attention, and the next moment he sank into a chair before the fire and took the ragged little urchin on his knee. "And what is your name?" he asked.

"Iris Despard," the child replied.

"Despard—Despard" the horrible word floated through his brain—the name of the man who had robbed him of all that he had held dear and sacred. And this was his child—her child—the child of the woman who lay dying in his house—the woman who had done him such a terrible wrong. Vengeance was at hand, it was left to him to send this child out into the world, friendless, motherless, destitute.

"You are Mr. Bland?" the child asked, gaining courage as the fire warmed her little body.

"Yes," he replied sullenly.

In an instant her little arms had encircled his neck, and the dirty marks on his collar showed where her fingers had been as she implanted a kiss upon his cheek.

"My mother loves you," she said, "so I must love you too."

And so from these tender lips which had never told a lie he had heard the truth—the woman who, in a moment of folly, had forsaken him, really loved him. What would he not give to hear such a confession from her own lips? What did shabby clothes matter where love was concerned, love needed no finery to prove its exist-

ence—like truth it shone best when shorn of all adornment.

A tap at the door changed his train of thought, and a servant entered.

"How is the patient?" Cyrus Bland asked with a tone of anxiety in his voice.

"Just dead, sir," the man replied unconcernedly. "I have come for instructions, sir."

"Dead!" Cyrus Bland rose to his feet carrying the child with him as he made towards the door, and the servant stood aghast at the sight of his master fondling a ragged little urchin whom he himself would not have deigned to touch. The strong man who had borne the secret of his love for six long years gave vent to a sound which unmistakably suggested a sob as the little fingers pressed tighter round his neck. "Don't cry," the child said, then adding, with strange philosophy, "Mother often said that she would be happior dead, only she knew that there would be no one to look after me."

And on the threshold of the door, as he was setting out upon his self-imposed mission to gaze upon the face of the woman he had loved so dearly, he brushed back the child's beautiful hair and gazed intently into her eyes.

"Her child," he said half to himself, then aloud. "I will look after you, Iris; you shall be my child now."

CHAPTER III.

BEST—IN ALL THE WORLD.

Sixteen years had passed over Iris Despard's head since the eventful night when Cyrus Bland had taken it upon his shoulders to pilot her through the world, and day after day as the beautiful girl drifted into womanhood a feeling had taken possession of him which made him grieve at the disparity in their respective ages.

When she had left school, his dearest wish would have been that she should rule over his house as his wife, but honour forbade him putting the question, which he feared she might only answer in his favour as a result of duty. It would be fairer to her if he gave her at least two years in the social world, where she might find some one more of her own age upon whom she might desire to bestow her affections. John Despard, the father who had deserted her, was dead, shot in a broil which reflected no more credit upon his closing moments than had the majority of his actions during his life.

And to-night, as Bland assisted the girl to alight from the carriage, he felt that he would at least like to sound his ground. "Can you spare me a few moments in the study before you retire to rest, Iris?" he asked as they entered the house.

The girl smiled back her answer—his every wish was a command to her. A little later as she entered the room and took the seat which he placed for her in front of the fire, she noticed that his handsome face was paler than usual, and his whole manner was suggestive of hesitancy.

"I want to ask you a few questions which I think I have a right to ask," he said somewhat suddenly. Since you left school, you have come into contact with a great number of people and it is possible that amongst the whole lot, Iris, you may have found one man upon whom you could bestow your affections. I don't want to part with you, but it does not seem fair that a beautiful girl like yourself should allow what you might consider your duty to me to stand in your way. Tell me, amongst the men you have met at the many social functions you have attended, is there one who has spoken to you upon the subject which is calculated to lead to marriage?"

"Several men have said foolish things," the girl replied, the colour rising to her cheeks; "but I have never taken them seriously. I feel that a girl should centre her affections in one man only."

Cyrus Bland looked up sharply, but the girl's downcast eyes hid the truth which lurked behind them.

"Then there is some one?" he asked. "Yes" she replied, "there is some one I love dearer than all else in the world—some one whose every action has been kindness itself, whose every word has been so gentle that life would never be the same if I thought that he would ever leave me."

"And does he know that you love him?" Bland asked, and the tremor in his voice suggested the pain which the girl's confession had caused him.

"That I cannot say."

"Does he love you?" he queried.

"That I cannot say—he has never told me so."

Cyrus Bland crossed over to where she sat with her fingers interlaced before her. "Poor Iris," he murmured. "It is terrible to love and not to know whether you are loved in return."

"Worse for a woman than a man," the girl added. "A man has the right to speak where a woman has to remain silent." "And can't I help you?" he broke in. "Can't I find out whether this man loves you? Won't you let me ask him as man to man."

And then the convulsive shaking of her shoulders told him that she was sobbing. "No man is worthy of such love, Iris," he said in an endeavour to pacify her. "I want you to tell me who he is."

He drew her hands away from her face as he spoke, and then as she turned her beautiful eyes towards him he read something which seemed to set every fibre in his body in conflict.

"Iris," he cried, "do you mean me—the man who loved you too truly to ask you to be his wife? Would you really have me if I did ask you?"

"How can you doubt," the girl replied, "when I have laid bare my soul? You are the noblest man in all the world."

Stories of Queen Alexandra.

BY DAVID WILLIAMSON.

EVER since the Queen came to this country as a beautiful bride, she has been regarded with the deepest affection by the nation. When she ascended to queenship, the fierce light that beats upon a throne only revealed still more clearly her charm and goodness. She has set a noble example of sympathy for the poor and suffering, and has not confined her charity to gifts, but has acquainted herself personally with many a good work and its organisers. Of her private acts of kindness and sympathy there are innumerable examples. I am venturing to put a few of them on record in this article, leaving them to speak for themselves, as to one who is truly "Her Most Gracious Majesty."

THE QUEEN AND THE PHONOGRAPH.

One of the most touching uses to which the phonograph has been put occurred in connection with the Queen. One of the former ladies-in-waiting to her mother, the late Queen of Denmark, lay dying in Copenhagen. She had known Queen Alexandra since infancy, and the Queen's father mentioned in one of his letters that the old lady had expressed a wish to speak to the Queen once more before her death. The Queen's thoughtful sympathy devised a way to cheer the dying lady-in-waiting. She spoke into a phonograph, and sent it to Copenhagen. The message of affection sounded forth in the Queen's own tones, and the dying woman gave a sigh of content, and with the words, "God bless you, dear," she passed away.

THE QUEEN AND THE BEREAVED.

It is the hour of sorrow that tests the reality of sympathy. No one can doubt that the Queen has "a heart at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathise." On hundreds of occasions the grief of a home has been assuaged by the personal condolence of the Queen. Often she writes a verse in her own handwriting to accompany a wreath. For instance, when Mrs. Gladstone died, the Queen wrote:—

IN MEMORY OF DEAR MRS. GLADSTONE.

It is but crossing with a bated breath,
A white set face! A little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious, than before.

ALEXANDRA.

A SURPRISE VISIT TO AN INVALID.

Last spring one of the Court officials had been lying ill for weary weeks. In the midst of all her many engagements the Queen remembered him. She drove down one afternoon to inquire after the invalid. His little daughters were in the drawing-room, when suddenly the man-servant announced "The Queen." The children were a little dismayed, but only for a few moments, as Queen Alexandra put them quickly at their ease by her kindly and gentle questions about their father. The visit of her Majesty, and the thoughtful sympathy it implied, did more for the invalid than a dozen bottles of medicine. When Sir James Paget had blood-poisoning in 1871, the Queen (who was then Princess of Wales) sent a special nurse and called personally at Norwood to inquire after her physician's welfare.

HER LOVE OF CHILDREN.

Not long ago the Queen was spending a day with her sister, the Empress Marie of Russia, sight-seeing. It happened that in the afternoon she was visiting some barracks, and the officers immediately requested that their Majesties would honour them by taking tea. The Queen replied. "We should be delighted, but I promised my grand-children to take tea with them, and I never like to disappoint children."

THE LITTLE GOD-DAUGHTER'S GARDEN.

The queen never loses her interest in those for whom she has acted as god-mother. In particular, she has been most kind to the children of Lord Curzon, who lost their beautiful mother more than a year ago. The Queen, hearing that little Alexandra Curzon—who was named after her Majesty—was fond of gardening, sent a box of violet roots to her. The child decided to plant them, so that when they came up, they should spell "Alexandra." "I should like to help you plant them," said the Queen. "Well, you can put in the full-stop," replied the child.

AN INVOCATION OF BLESSING.

After a Christening at which the Queen had acted as god-mother, her Majesty asked to see the baby's nursery. When she had been shown

the room, the Queen walked to one of the windows and wrote on the glass with her diamond ring: "May God's blessing rest on this house and all in it."

"MY HOSPITAL."

A statue of the Queen is going to be erected in the grounds of the London Hospital as a permanent memorial of the intense sympathy shown by her Majesty ever since she became President of the Hospital. On several occasions the Queen has visited the hospital, and in the spring of this year she brought her sister, the Empress Marie of Russia, with her at short notice. They remained at the hospital from half-past twelve till three o'clock, displaying the liveliest interest in everything connected with the work. The Queen's memory is as good as that of King Edward, and one of the first requests she made was to see some of the improvements which had been mentioned to her as in progress on her last visit. She went to the sitting-room and spoke to the sisters and nurses who were there, and then proceeded to the cookery classes room, where nurses were busily preparing some tempting dishes for their patients. The Queen passed through the Lucker Home into the hospital garden, where they received the most enthusiastic greeting from a large company of nurses, doctors, and students. After going through the Queen's Ward, where they spoke kindly to the young patients, they proceeded to the Marie Celeste Ward. It was the Queen's first visit to this department, and she shows the greatest interest in the mothers and infants in the ward. With gracious sympathy she spoke to one mother whose baby had died the day before, and she asked the age, weight, and proposed names of all the infants.

CHATTING WITH THE QUEEN.

In the Receiving Room, to which all patients come on their first visit to the Hospital, the Queen went and chatted to a man who had a broken arm. When she had left, the man announced with great pride to the other patients that the Queen had been talking to him. They refused to believe it, and chaffed him, saying that Her Majesty must have come down to the Hospital on purpose to see him. When it was discovered that the man was quite right, and had been honoured by kind inquiries from the Queen, the rest of the patients made a hero of him, and he told his story again and again.

THE QUEEN AND THE FINSEN RAYS.

One of the most pleasing incidents of the Royal visit was their call at the Finsen Ray department. It will be remembered that Dr. Finsen, who was himself an invalid suffering from that dire disease lupus, discovered that by the use of rays of light cures could be effected. Before his death Dr. Finsen had the joy of seeing his discovery adopted in his native country, and it was after a visit to Copenhagen that Queen Alexandra instituted the first light apparatus for the cure of lupus at the London Hospital. It is no secret that at first the opinion of experts was not very favourable, but the Queen insisted on the experiment being tried, and two of the London nurses and one of the doctors were sent to Copenhagen to learn. At the present time the Finsen Ray department of the London Hospital is only second in size to the installation of the discoverer at Copenhagen. The Queen told her sister about the work, and as the Empress Marie had heard of it during her visits to Copenhagen, she was specially interested in the success which has attended its installation at the hospital. Both the Queen and Empress spoke to the poor patients undergoing treatment, and were very delighted to hear from Dr. Sequeira of some of the remarkable cures which had been effected.

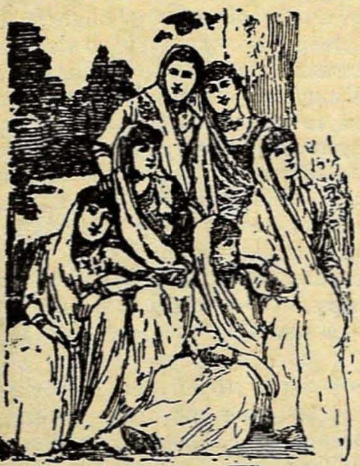
THE QUEEN AND THE NURSES.

The Queen shows the most practical sympathy with the nurses and the nurses' home, and is very anxious that they should be well cared for at what she describes as "her" hospital. The matron of the London Hospital is the world-famed Miss Eva Luckers, who had raised the ideals of nurses to the highest possible standard, and has given to the London Hospital several years of devoted service. The Hon. Sydney Holland, who is chairman of the London Hospital, may well feel encouraged by the constant interest taken by Queen Alexandra in what is the greatest Hospital in the world.

PRAISING THE CHEF.

When the Queen was in Paris, she was dining at the house of an old friend, and complimented her on possessing a wonderful chef. The hostess replied that her cook was a Danish woman, and would feel very gratified at the Queen's praise. "If she is a Dane, I should like to see her," said her Majesty, and the cook, much embarrassed at first by being summoned into the presence of Royalty, was soon answering in her native tongue the Queen's questions about herself and the village in Denmark where she had lived.

Hindu Ladies' Social and Literary Club.



THE 14th Annual General Meeting of the Hindu Ladies' Social and Literary Club was held on Thursday, the 16th January, 1908, in the spacious hall of Mrs. Harishandra Pandurang Pitale's bungalow at Cowasji Patel Tank Road, Mrs. Muir-Mackenzie presiding.

There was a large gathering of ladies—European, Mahomedan, Hindu and Parsee—amongst whom were the following :—Maharani Saheb Laxumibai Mullhar Rao Gaikwad of Baroda, Lady Bhatvedekar, Lady and Miss Jehangir, Lady Karimbhoy Ebrahim, Mrs. Gulam Hussain Karimbhoy, Mrs. Sassoon, Mrs. N. M. Patel, Mrs. Macbeth, Mrs. Cecil L. Burns, Mrs. W. H. Brady, Miss Wilson, Miss Paterson, Miss Dhunjibhai Nowroji, Mrs. Dikshit, Mrs. Meyer, Mrs. J. R. Patell, Mrs. M. H. Hakim, Mrs. Kazi Kabiruddin, Mrs. V. K. Barulkar, Mrs. K. Z. Aga Mustafakhan, Mrs. G. N. Nadkarni, Mrs. Jehangir, B. Dalal, Mrs. Macnie, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Miss (Dr.) Benson, Miss Zainulabedeen Shah, Mrs. Coochie Shah, Mrs. Moochod, Mrs. Shah, Rustomji Byramji Jeejeebhoy, Mrs. Rustom M. Chichgar, Mrs. Quick, Mrs. R. S. Jayakar, Miss Ackland, Mrs. Nanu N. Kothare, Mrs. Daji A. Khare, Mrs. Nikambe, Mrs. and Miss Herlekar, Mrs. Vithaldas D. Thakersey, Miss Serene M. Cursetji, Mrs. Laxmibai Joshi, Bai Sonabai Jayakar, Mrs. Laxmidas Bhimji, Mrs. Harischandra P. Pitale, Mrs. Lalji Bhimji, Dr. Kashibai Karmarkar, Dilhah Begum, Mrs. Sheppard, Mrs. Rajabally V. Patel, Mr. and Miss Ismail Jan Mahomed, Mrs. Anandaji Nanji, Miss Wadia, Miss Shrene Kabraji, Miss Piroja Kabraji, and Miss Macomish, &c.

In the adjoining room were placed for show and sale many articles, such as paintings on glass and cloth, embroidery work, fine and rich clothes, etc., prepared by the members of the Club. Besides these, the artificial flowers, boquets, etc. prepared by Mrs. Luxmibai Joshi of Indore were also placed. Even the embossed work done on the Invitation notes was the Club's own production. Ladies were coming in numbers even before the appointed hour and were cordially received by Mrs. Bablibai Pitale and Mrs. Manakbai Kothare.

At the appointed hour, the proceedings, after the Welcome Song, prepared for the occasion by Mrs. Kashibai Herlekar and duly sung by Miss Shantabai Herlekar, began. Miss Sumati R. Kothare played on the Harmonium.

At the suggestion of Mrs. Manakbai Kothare and Mrs. Umabai Khare, Mrs. Muir-Mackenzie occupied the Chair, when Miss Shirin M. Khersedjee read the following yearly report of the Club in English, which, for the convenience of other Marathi-knowing ladies was translated into Marathi by Mrs. Sonabai, the daughter of Mrs. Bablibai Pitale, the Honorary Secretary of the Club :—

"The members of the Executive Committee of the Hindu Ladies' Social Club have great pleasure to submit for its members' acceptance the Report of the Club for the year 1907.

This year, as in the last few previous years, the recurrence of Plague hindered the meetings of the Club from February to June; still the Committee is glad to note that the Club had made on the whole a satisfactory record. 31 weekly meetings were held regularly at Mrs. Bablibai Pitale's house when the average attendance was 20 to 40 as against 30 to 40 of last year.

Various subjects were discussed both in Marathi and Gujrathi. Some days were also spent in doing some fancy and plain needle work, which will be sold at this annual Gathering. The net sum of Rs. 60 was collected from the sale last year plus the amount collected from the Club's voluntary contribution. The box for last year totals Rs. 169 and will be utilized for benevolent purposes as agreed upon.

The Committee have the pleasure to announce that during the year under report 2 new members were admitted who, with 179 at the end of the previous year made up the total of 181, out of whom, two died leaving on the roll 179.

We are glad to note that the members of the Club are taking fair advantage of the Chimnabai Saheb Library and we trust that in future this branch will be still more beneficially utilized.

H. H. Laxmibai Maharanisaheb, Gaikwad of Baroda, was kind enough to hand to the President of this Club in the year 1906 a sum of Rs. 100 for opening a Fabric and Glass Painting Class, which then opened under the able tuition of Miss Jayaji Coorji Nazar, and we are glad to note that this Class is still continuing its work; but all the expenses now are defrayed by the

Club. The articles painted in this Class together with needlework articles, &c., sewn at the Club will be sold in the next room after this Gathering is closed.

It gives us immense pleasure to announce that in addition to the sum of Rs. 100, Her Highness Laxmibai Maharani Saheb, Gaikwad of Baroda, gave the Club her kind interest. She gave Rs. 25 monthly during the year. The sincere thanks of the Club are tendered to Her Highness for this and the Committee trust that Her Highness will continue to cherish always the same interest in the welfare of this Club.

The Begum Saheb of Janjira has given a donation of Rs. 200 for opening a class, in which the old-fashioned embroidery of India would be taught, and the Committee are pleased to note that such a Class has already been opened in Mrs. Manakbai Kothare's Indu Bhuvan, where many members of the Club are taking instruction in such an useful art. Our sincere thanks are due to H. H. Begum Saheb of Janjira for her kind donation.

The Committee are much obliged to Mrs. Bablibai Harishchandra Pitale for continuing to lend the use of her Hall for holding the meetings of the Club. Our gratitude is also due to Mrs. Pitale for zealously performing the arduous task of Honorary Secretary of the Club for the last nine years.

Our sincere thanks are also due to Mrs. Javerbai Laxmidas for performing the responsible duties of the Honorary Treasurer from the commencement of the Club till now."

At the suggestion of Mrs. Sundardas and Mrs. Damodardas Thakersey, the above report was adopted.

Mrs. Laljee Bhimji then brought the motion before the meeting to thank the Executive Committee of the Club, seconded by Mrs. Luxmibai Maharanisaheb of Baroda, which was unanimously passed. All the while Miss Shirin M. Khersedjee was explaining all what was going on to all the European Ladies assembled in general and to the President in particular.

Mrs. Muir Mackenzie then delivered her presidential address, which was rendered in Marathi by Dr. Gurubai Karmarkar.

The following is the purport of the same :—

" I am really glad to see such a large gathering of ladies of different nationalities assembled together here to-day. Attempts have already been made at Poona and other places to co-operate with Hindu Ladies, and thereby improve the social condition of Ladies. Even they made arrangements to open an Institute for outdoor games interesting and healthy ; many promised to join ; nay, even they came in the beginning, but they discontinued afterwards. I conclude therefore that they consider these things to be merely childish.

The objects of this Institute are good, but it is very difficult to carry them out. Hindu Ladies are like violet flowers. As these flowers give out their fragrance for a long distance, though they are hidden in the deep grave of leaves, so also the fame of the good merits and their fine qualities spreads abroad, although these Hindu Ladies are deeply engrossed in household affairs. They are not associating with us simply because they love the household affairs, and it is but natural for a lady and womankind in general to have a liking for the management of household affairs. But we have to go to foreign countries for other responsible works which obstruct us to do such things. And nobody would forget that the influence of woman on mankind is greater as the world advances.

One thing more I have to tell you, and that is you must not neglest the physical culture along with the literary one, and our weakness and that of our children even suggests the same to us. Fresh air, water, good light, open air exercise are also equally important. We want our Hindu Ladies to associate with us and I am sure that thereby sound and nice results will come out. This is the 1st Club of this kind of the Hindu ladies I have seen and it is just as that eniment Philosopher Emerson has said, that " we all needed each other." There are many things to be learnt in the world. Had Justice Ranade been here he would have also told you the same thing as to take a step further. I am very thankful to you for the honour you gave me this evening, etc."

Miss Shirin M. Khersedjee then thanked the President in an attractive speech.

Mrs. Manakbai Kothare then addressed the meeting and seconded the votes of thanks to the chair—

" I have nothing to say more, as my friend Miss Khersedjee has spoken what I wanted to speak. But I must tell you that our to-day's President has travelled much and has visited many Institutions like these and everywhere she has tried her best to improve the Social condition of women.

Dr. Gurubai Karmarkar has also done some work for the Club for which we are very thankful to her. To understand the speech in English is difficult, but to explain the same in Marathi is still more difficult, and Dr. Karmarkar has done so without even being compelled.

So also our Club is very much indebted to Mrs. Kashibai Herlekar for composing the nice verses for the occasion, which were sung by her own daughter."

A presentation of garlands terminated the proceedings.

An Impetuous Soul

A STORY OF INDIAN CHRISTIAN LIFE.

IT was a beautiful clear night, but there was no moon. The stars shone clear and bright like luminous lamps in the heavens above, and shed their soft radiance over the tender blue of the sky, that transparent blue which makes it look like a curtain hung before the glory of Heaven, and lit by the radiance from within. The night was cloudless, except for a few fleecy clouds floating in the silver haze of light and the white path of the milky way, which wound in and out between the stars, till it mixed with the blue of the sky. The soft light fell on the scene around, dimly illuminating the white road gleaming from between the tall narrow houses on either side of it. Except for the occasional rumble of a cart or the voices of men there were not many sounds heard from the street, for this was a quiet part of the town, where not much business was carried on ; but, from the interior of a house at the end of the street, on the terrace of which a girl was standing, there came the continuous prattle of women's voices, either raised in anger or in the soft tones of conversation. She was standing leaning on the terrace of a two-storied house with her chin on her hand, looking down on the leaves of the cocoanut trees, in front of the house, gleaming dimly in the uncertain light. But she was utterly unconscious of their beauty or of the soft radiance of the night ; for her heart was bursting with anger at the treatment which was being accorded to her by the women of the house. She was the daughter-in-law of the house, an orphan with no relatives except those on her husband's side ; and, what was worse, she was a widow. When very young she had been married ; and long before she had grown up and had even known of the change that had taken place in her life, her husband had died and left her a child-widow, an unfortunate being who was looked upon as accursed by everyone. And now no one cared for her, and it almost looked as if she might die and no one would mind. They all hated her ; every hour of the day she had to be toiling at work, and epithets of abuse were constantly being flung at her ; and her heart rose in anger at the injustice of it all.

Long years ago, when she was a little child and her mother was alive, she remembered the peace and calm of happy home, where a mother's love did all it could to shield her from every danger and every thought of unhappiness. But now, now,—oh ! she hated them all ; she would give anything to be rid of them. What right had they to treat her like this. But suddenly there came before her mind a vision, which at once calmed down her anger,—a far-off dim vision of her mother, lying on a bed of pain, praying to God to make her child happy in her husband's home and telling her daughter to be brave and patient. "O mother, mother," sobbed the girl, as if her heart was broken, "why did you not take me with you ? Why did you leave me behind to suffer like this ? And can there be a God who could bear to see me thus treated ?" Suddenly a harsh voice sounded in her ear, the voice of a woman calling in angry tones, "Sita, Sita, what are you doing ? Where are you, you lazy, ungrateful girl, always loitering about and doing nothing ! Come and do this work." She stood back for a moment in pride and scorn, but the vision came before her again and she went in meekly. In the door-way she met a stout woman just coming out and looking about her. As soon as she saw Sita her face assumes a violent expression of anger and hate ; and she almost seemed as if she would strike her. "Where have you been, you stupid girl ? " she cried ; " I will teach you to go dreaming about and neglecting all your work. You never do anything that I tell you " ; and she took a step towards the girl. But Sita quietly stepped past her with the tears welling up in her eyes. Never do anything ! Why, the whole day she did nothing but work, work, work. But that was her lot. She then went round attending to all the little things that the women of the house required—fat, lazy women, who moved not a finger to help themselves, and yet heaped reproaches on this fragile delicate girl, when she found no time to attend to all their wants at once. After everyone was satisfied, and the vessels all cleaned, she was allowed to go to bed, but what a bed !—a wretched mattress spread in a lonely room, where often she would wake at night from frightening dreams, with a cry for help. But there would be none to come to her, and she would turn her face to the cold wall and cry herself to sleep.

II.

Two years before, a number of European ladies had gathered together in this same town and determined to start a ladies' association, in order to try and do something towards bringing the Hindu ladies into closer and more friendly contact with themselves and the other European ladies. Some of the ladies, who were trying to form the association, had only lately come from England ; some had already been for some

time in India ; and all took a deep interest in Indian affairs, especially those concerning the women of India ;—the former, partly from mere curiosity and partly from a laudable desire to try and incorporate themselves with the people among whom they had to come to live ; the latter from a disinterested desire to do something for the women of India, arising from their experience of the strict seclusion in which the "Purdah ladies" were kept. The association was to be formed of both English and Indian ladies, and each was to do the work, which she thought would suit her best. Some were to visit hospitals, some to take an interest in schools, while others were to visit Hindu families and do zenana work. The association was started and progressed, slowly but steadily, in spite of many mistakes on the part of the members. Sometimes the sneers from onlookers, who never thought of helping the association, were so great that the members many times even thought of giving up their work in despair. But these moments of discouragement were eventually succeeded by days of triumph and happiness, and the association carried out in some measure its object, and many of its plans were realized.

The lady who had taken up the zenana work was one of the best of the whole lot. She was gentle and kind; and, having been for some years in India, she had a rather large experience of Indian affairs. She visited many Hindu families, and in course of time she came to the house where Sita lived. There were many Hindu women in this house ; and after a few moments of shy reserve, the lively ones gathered round the English lady as if she was some wild animal from a menagerie, some of the more curious among them examining her clothes and the little articles of jewelry she wore, while others pestered her with voluble questions : "Are you married ?" "What is your age ?" "Is it not strange that you should remain unmarried so long?" &c., &c.,—such were some of the questions asked. The lady, Miss Clear, could talk Telugu fairly well, for this was a Telugu family, and she tried to answer all their questions as best as she could ; and soon a good understanding was established between herself and the other women. Miss Clear asked them if they would like to learn English, and many of them said they would. After staying a little while, she left them, promising to come again another day. And after that she regularly visited that family and began to teach them a little English, and at the same time relate some of the Bible stories. She found her pupils eager to take new lessons, but not so eager to prepare them ; but she persevered in her efforts and soon they grew interested in their lessons, and the young ones advanced rapidly.

In the course of her visits, Miss Clear had been observing for some time a pale silent girl, who was in the habit of slipping in silently when they were in the midst of their lesson. This girl, she noticed, listened to her with more eagerness than the others did. She would bend forward with her hands clasped before her, and, with parted lips, attend to the words spoken as if her very life depended on them. The girl was always dressed very simply, almost poorly, and she did not wear a single jewel, presenting quited contrast in this respect to the other women, who were generally bedecked in gay clothes and loaded with many jewels ; and Miss Clear observed that whenever the elder women, the ladies of the house, saw the poor girl thus engaging herself in this silent manner, they always spoke to her harshly and sent her about some work, and even the younger ones snubbed her, as if she were some poor servant of the family. But the girl, though so poorly dressed, had not the appearance of a servant. Her features were not beautiful, but they were pleasant to look upon ; and the stamp of intellect was on her face, on the wide prominent forehead and in the large, clear brilliant eyes. Her well-shaped head was always held straight and upright ; and there was a distinguished look about her, that marked her out as quite different from the others. But there was on her face a sad expression of lonelinees, which almost seemed the hard look of despair, and it touched Miss Clear's heart. She felt interested in the girl and determined to find out something about her. So, one day, when the girl was as usual sitting listening in a corner, Miss Clear asked the lady of the house who she was.

"O that girl, " was the reply, " she is Sita, my daughter-in-law ; but I wish I had never been born to call her my daughter-in-law. She has brought misfortune on my house, and it is on account of her that my son died. Accursed being ! Sita ! What are you doing there, girl ? Go about your business."

" But what did she do ? Why do you call her accursed ?"

" What did she do ? Why, she killed my son. Because he married her, he died. Never you mind about her, lady. She is not worth thinking about."

" But it is not her fault," Miss Clear was beginning, but the other lady would not hear her. Miss Clear felt indignant. Treat a girl like that and call her accursed for no fault on her part! If her husband died, why should the poor girl be blamed and treated so harshly ? She had heard of ill-used daughters-in-law and had come across some of them in her intercourse with Hindu families ; but she had never seen a girl who was

looked upon with such hatred. She determined to speak to the girl and do something for her.

After this, Sita was allowed very seldom to come into the room while Miss Clear was there; but she did her best to go there, at least for a few moments to listen to her; and one day Miss Clear seized her opportunity, and stopping in the midst of her lesson went up to the girl and sat down by her with the intention of talking to her. The other women tried to prevent her from doing this; but Miss Clear was firm: and Sita, seeing her firmness, forgot her timidity and stood her ground, even while her mother-in-law was telling her to go about her business. Miss Clear tried to draw her out into conversation; but Sita was unused to such notice and remained silent. The other women were hanging about the room, trying to listen to the talk. and now and then angry comments were heard from some of them.

"Yes, hear her," one said, "the ungrateful girl, she will tell you all sorts of tales about us, and you will believe them and turn against us."

"She will turn against you like the cat turns against the mistress, who feeds her. She has no good feelings about her," another murmured.

But Miss Clear paid no heed to them, and taking the girl to the verandah, continued her kind efforts. At last the girl burst out bitterly.

"What is the use of talking to me, lady? I am not worth taking notice about. Do you not hear what the others are saying? Then, why do you stay here."

"Never mind about them," the lady answered. "Tell me about yourself. I like you and I am determined to do something for you."

"Like me!" the girl asked with wide-eyed wonder, "Like me! Why, no one likes me. I think you are making a mistake, lady."

"No, dear, I love you, and if you tell me anything you want, I shall do it for you. And there is another who loves you. He is—."

"You are not trying to deceive me, are you, Madam? Do you really mean what you say? Is there anyone who loves me in this world; and do you love me? And who else is there that loves me?"

"My poor girl, I do love you; and there is another who loves you far better. That is Jesus our Saviour, who died for us. He loves you dearly?

"I have never seen Him, and how can He love me?" asked the girl, the look of joy that had come to her face fading again, for she thought Miss Clear was deceiving her.

Then Miss Clear began to tell her the story of Jesus, and also spoke to her about the freedom allowed in Christian society to women. The girl listened to her in wonder; but as it was getting late, Miss Clear had to leave her for that day. But the next day and every day after she came and talked to her. Sita after this was treated even worse by her mother-in-law, and the latter even beat her often. But this made the poor girl more eager to listen to the zenana lady; and she especially drank in what the latter said about the freedom of Christian society. Oh! she would like to be free like that, she thought. How happy she would be with nobody to school her, or beat her, or restrain her in any way. And she listened to Miss Clear, and at last told her one day that she would like to go away with her and be a Christian. Miss Clear was surprised and pleased. "Do you want to be a Christian, Sita?" she asked: "I am so glad. Do you really love Jesus and believe that He loves you."

"I believe that He loves me, because you told me so; and I believe you because I love you so, Madam. But I should like to be a Christian, for then I would be free."

"But do you love Jesus, Sita?"

"Yes, Madam, I suppose so. But I do love you. But why do you look at me like that? Will you not take me with you? Do take me, Madam. I shall die if I stay here." Miss Clear was afraid that all was not quite right. The girl did not appear to grasp the true principle of Christianity; she only seemed to be thinking of the freedom Christianity would give her. But the lady thought everything would be alright after Sita became a Christian. The girl would see the example of the others and become a true Christian at heart.

Sita was in the habit of going to Miss Clear's house to take lessons from her in needlework, and one day she stayed behind and did not return home. She was baptized the next day. The news created some commotion in the town; but it subsided after a short hubbub. Sita was a widow and the Hindus did not much trouble themselves about what became of her. It was only the disgrace they cared about; and when they found that they could not get back the girl by any means and had made a sufficient amount of noise to show that they were alive to the disgrace caused them, they kept quiet. As for her relatives they thought her a good riddance. Sita's father-in-law was a weak man, who was under the influence of his wife. He had liked his pale quiet daughter-in-law; but had not dared to remonstrate with his wife about her treatment. Now he kept quiet, for he knew the girl was free and was glad for her sake.

III.

So Sita became a Christian and stayed with Miss Clear for some time. She revelled in the freedom which she now enjoyed, and was almost

outrageously happy with her new friends. Miss Clear and all the other ladies to whom she was introduced were all very kind to her, for they wished the poor girl to forget the ill-treatment she had received. But the sudden change into this freedom from the restraints among which she had hitherto lived seemed a little too much for Sita. She seemed to be thrown off her balance and became somewhat too free and forward in her manner. She took advantage of the kindness of others, and seemed to think that it was all due to her and that she would be denied nothing. But she was allowed her own way; and no one restrained her. They were all pleased with the change which this sudden transition had worked in her; and, indeed, the bright, sparkling, rather too forward girl presented quite a contrast to the quiet, timid, snubbed maiden, who Miss Clear had seen moving silently about her Hindu home.

So, three months passed in joyous happiness for Sita. But at the end of that time a change came. Miss Clear had been engaged for a long time to a rich, handsome young doctor; and now they were married, and Miss Clear, or rather Mrs. Barton, went away with him to a far-away town. And Sita was left behind; for, of course, Mrs. Barton could not think of taking the girl with her. She soothed the girl's tearful entreaties by promising to come back again soon, and went away. Sita had been entrusted to the care of a lady, Miss Felton, who was in charge of a Boarding School; and she was to remain with that lady as a boarder for the present. But Dr. Barton found no occasion to return to the town where Sita was, for he found work elsewhere; and Mrs. Barton forgot her protege for a time in her new-found happiness.

So, Sita was left as a boarder, and a new life began hereafter for her. She was no longer allowed the same freedom she had enjoyed under Miss Clear. Miss Felton was a staid old lady, who held the opinion, that Indian Christians should not be allowed too much freedom, or be treated too familiarly. She had often remonstrated with Miss Clear for her kindness towards the poor girl. "You see, my dear," she would say, "it is doing the girl harm to accustom her to ways to which she has been a perfect stranger. Moreover, if you are too familiar with the natives, they take too much advantage of it like the camel in the story. My practise is to be strict and keep them at a distance, at the same time treating them with kindness."

Now she had an excellent opportunity for carrying out her opinions. The poor girl, Sita, had her freedom again curtailed. Miss Felton imposed all sorts of restraints on her. Miss Clear had allowed her to dine separately, for the girl could not yet conquer her caste instincts, and had asked the privilege of not being allowed to dine with the other boarders. But Miss Felton made it a rule that Sita should not have her meals separately; and Sita, with her clean habits, whether she liked it or not, had to eat with the other girls, some of whom were very dirty. She was not allowed to come out into the company of the Europeans; she was made to discard the clean white dresses that Miss Clear had made for her and dress in the ugly prints that the boarding girls wore; she was not allowed to sit on any chairs except the high-backed wooden ones which were used in the school; and whenever Miss Felton spoke to her, it was in the broken Telugu that she knew, and not in English, whereas Miss Clear had used to talk to her in English, so that she might learn to speak it. Sita found her new restraints very irksome; and, being a high-spirited and lively girl, she resented the change from the kindness and freedom she had enjoyed under Miss Clear to this restricted atmosphere; and she often spoke rudely to Miss Felton.

Many days passed in this manner. Sita neglected her studies and passed most of her time in meditating over her wrongs and wishing for her friend's return. The schoolmistress consequently often found fault with her and reported her to Miss Felton, who punished her with impositions; and this the girl especially hated. She felt as if she could not stay there much longer.

One day, matters came to a crisis. Sita had never associated much with the other girls; but there was one among them who pretended to be her friend, and Sita rather took to her and was in the habit of confiding to her some of her troubles. The day before, when Miss Felton had been specially strict to her about some little thing, Sita, in a sudden burst of anger, had told her friend, whose name was Ruth, how she hated Miss Felton, and that she would give anything to be rid of her. She had never gone so far as that before, and would not have confided such a thing to Ruth, if she had not been sure of her friendship. But Ruth proved a false friend. She was favourite of Miss Felton's, and to gain more favour she told her everything that Sita had said to her. Miss Felton was furious. She went to Sita and asked her at once what she meant by saying such things. Sita was thunderstruck for a moment, but the next she flared up and said,

"Yes, I did say it and I mean it. I would give anything to go away from you."

"You say that, you bad, wicked, ungrateful girl! Next time you are rude to me like this, you see what I shall do to you."

"I shall go straight to Miss Clear, to Mrs. Barton. She will receive me."

"She will receive you, will she? She will have nothing to do with a good-for-nothing girl like you. Take care, Miss Sita, take care," and with these words, Miss Felton left the room.

Sita's mind was in a whirl. She did not know what to do, but she felt that she would give anything to go away from Miss Felton. She hated her. What right had she to treat her like that. And that girl whom she had trusted so much, she had betrayed her. Sita was very bitter against every one, and especially against Miss Felton, and felt as if she could never more trust anyone. Ah! but there was Mrs. Barton. She could trust her, and she would go to her and thus be rid of Miss Felton. Mrs. Barton had written only one or two letters to Sita, and after that had been silent; but Sita had heard from some one that she and her husband lived in S... ..., which was about a day's journey from the town where she was. Sita made up her mind to catch the train and go to S......... She searched for a Railway Guide and found that a train left for that place early in the morning at 6 o'clock; and she determined to start the next day. That night she went to bed as usual and pretended to be sleeping, while the other girls who were in the same room with her were awake. But when their long even breaths showed that they had all slept, Sita quietly slipped out of bed and made a small bundle of a few clothes. Early at 5 o'clock the next morning she softly unbolted the back door and stepped out of the house.

As the cool morning air enveloped her in its soft folds, she felt at last that she was free and drew a long breath of relief, and almost commenced running to the station in her eagerness and joy. It was still dark and the moon shone clearly and the bright morning star shone out of the sky like a tender eye of light. The sun had not yet risen, but a rosy glow soon appeared in the east, and, gradually spreading over the whole sky, heralded its coming and usurped the pale silver light of the moon, which now looked like a small round speck of white cloud. One by one the stars were all extinguished, and the sun, rising out of a bed of dark clouds ascended the sky in majestic glory and proclaimed itself monarch of the day. By this time the birds had all awaked out of their sleep, and the air was filled with their cries and twitterings. Sita arrived at the station and found that she had still plenty of time to spare. A few porters were walking up and down the platform with sleepy eyes; but one by one the passengers for the coming train began to arrive. Sita did not know how to get her ticket; but following the example of the other passengers, she went up to the ticket-collector and asked for a third-class ticket to S...... Mrs. Barton had given her Rs. 10 before she left, and Sita had not spent the money and had it with her still, and out of it she paid for her ticket. But by this time all her exultation of the morning had spent itself, and she was feeling frightened and uneasy. Supposing the boarding school girls were to find out her absence, and Miss Felton was to trace her here, what was she to do? And also, suppose Miss Felton's words were to come true and Mrs. Barton were not to take her in. Sita felt troubled and half inclined to go back; but while she was hesitating, there was heard the shrill whistling of the approaching train, the station bell clanged, and slowly, puffing and blowing, the train steamed into the dingy little station. The third-class passengers were given their tickets and were allowed to go on to the platform and Sita, mingling with the crowd, mechanically followed their example and seated herself in an empty third-class compartment. She could not now go back, for she had taken her ticket, and by this time her excitement had driven out her fear, and she resolved to see her adventure out to the end. She tried to make herself comfortable in the empty room, glad that she was left alone there; but five minutes before the train started, the door opened and two young men with rude faces jumped in. They looked across at Sita insolently, and she felt frightened lest they should speak to her rudely or insult her. She now truly wished she had not run away, and was even then thinking of getting out of the carriage, when the door opened again and a tall elderly man stepped in and seated himself near Sita. The girl felt she could trust him and that she would be safe as long as he was there; and she moved up closer to him. Just then, the engine shrieked, the carriages clanged and jolted, and off they started. The elderly man did not look at Sita for a long time, and the poor girl feeling very lonely at last resolved she would speak to him.

"Are you a Christian, sir," she asked in low tones. The man looked surprised, but, looking at Sita, and, liking her face, he answered,

"Yes, I am a Christian. My name is Pastor Joshua. Can I do anything for you?" Then, noticing that her face wore a troubled look, he asked,

"Are you in trouble, Miss? You are travelling alone?"

"Yes," she answered, "I am travelling alone. And I feel so frightened, because this is the first time I am going by train."

"You ought not to travel alone. And may I know where you are going? I shall try to help you."

"I am going to S......, to Dr. Barton's house."

"Oh! the place where I am going is beyond S......, and I can be here and look after you till you reach your destination. And I know Dr. Barton very well. I was once at S......, and he cured my little son of a very bad attack of fever. When you reach S...... I can tell you where his house is."

"O! thank you very much, sir," Sita answered, gratefully, and then they talked a little longer and afterwards Sita moved up to the end of the seat and began observing the scenery listlessly. But as the day was very hot and she felt tired, she quietly dropped off to sleep, her head leaning against the back of the carriage. She was not allowed to sleep long, however, for, at a large station, which they had to pass, a large number of passengers were actually thrust in by the guard into her compartment. They were mostly day-labourers and were extremely noisy. They kept chewing betel-and-nut, staring at her, and passed insolent remarks on her appearance. Sita felt greatly ashamed, but her companion, the elderly pastor came to her aid and silenced their rude remarks in some measure. After a time she bought something at another station to eat, and tried to sleep, but with all the men in the carriage, mostly gaping, at her, she felt very uncomfortable. In the evening, when it was much cooler, Sita was able to watch the scenery with interest. The train was then passing through one of the most picturesque parts of the country, and innumerable sights and scenes were presented in quick succession to the eye. Now, passing through deep stretches of forest on either side, in the midst of which clusters of flowers made bright patches of colour against a dark back-ground of trees; now rushing along the side of waving corn-fields, fair with golden-corn, among which sometimes a thin stream wound in and out like a streak of silver; sometimes gliding rapidly along deep mountain chasms, or thundering over long iron bridges which looked like some fanciful filigree work, extending over great valleys and precipices; sometimes cutting through mountain cliffs on either side, or rushing shrieking through dark sulphurous tunnels, the train sped on its way, creaking and jolting, puffing and blowing, like a great iron leviathan. Far away, the blue mountains reared their lofty heads, touched into a pink glow by the dying rays of the setting sun; or, coming nearer, there loomed up before the eye, dark-grey masses of rock, their sides covered with clustering trees and bushes. Over-head the sky extended like a blue vault, through which floated a few fleecy clouds, reflecting the many-coloured rays of the sun. In the west, the orb of day was slowly sinking from view, and over it, the sky was one beautiful mass of all colours, the harmonious blending of which seemed to culminate at the point, where the sun, gradually disappearing from view, flung around it a circular halo of golden flaming light. From this, a long flimsy amber-coloured cloud extended straight up into the sky, like the lurid smoke rising out of a blazing furnace. This magnificent sight lasted but awhile, and gradually all the rainbow hues melted into the dark-blue of the sky, leaving behind streaks of clouds edged with different shades of pink. The train sped on its way with increasing speed, stopping at different stations, when the passengers would swarm in and out of it, like bees in a hive, and water-carriers and sweetmeat-sellers would rush up and down, yelling at the top of their voices, and offering their wares to the passengers. Then it would move on again rushing by the turnpike gates and the little wooden watch-houses, and sometimes passing little groups of villages and sweet rural sights,—such as a crowd of villagers gaping at the train and beckoning to the passengers; or a group of women in the rice fields, knee-deep in water, stopping for a moment at their occupation of cutting the ripe golden sheaves of corn to have a look at the wonderful iron horse conveyance; or a herd of cows grazing in peaceful mountain valleys; or a number of silly frightened sheep racing for their very lives at the sight of the puffing, shrieking monster; and then the old sights would appear again with ever-changing variety.

It was about 7 P.M., when the train, stopped at S...... Pastor Joshua helped Sita out of the train, and putting her into a bullock-carriage, for that was the only kind of carriage to be had at the station, told the cart-man to drive to Dr. Barton's house. Sita then bade him farewell with many thanks and started on her way. After that seemed to her a long drive, the carriage stopped at a gate, and Sita getting out, paid the man his fare out of her remaining money. She then timidly entered the gate, but, on seeing some one walking on the other side, she stopped short. It was a lady, and she had her back turned to the gate, but, on hearing footsteps she turned round and Sita saw in the uncertain light that it was Mrs. Barton. Mrs. Barton rushed up to her with a glad cry of "Frank, Frank, have you come back so soon. I am so glad you have finished your work"; but on seeing the girl, and not recognizing her, she stopped short with the words, "Why, it is not Frank. It is a woman. Who are you? Do you want anything from me?" Then, suddenly, recognizing Sita, she cried out, "Why, it is Sita. Sita, my dear girl, I am very glad to see you. How did you manage to come here?" And she took her by the hand and kissed her.

"I came by the train, madam."

"But did you come alone? I thought Miss Felton had charge over you."

Sita now felt a little ashamed of her escapade; and said in a low voice

"Yes, Madam, I came away from Miss Felton."

"But did she allow you to come here?"

"I ran away from her."

"Ran away from her? asked Mrs. Barton with a vexed look. "Why, my girl! what possessed you to do so?"

"I could not stay any longer with her Madam, She was so harsh to me, and—."

"Never mind, Sita, come in and tell me all about it afterwards," and Mrs. Barton took her in into her pleasant little drawing-room. Just then Dr. Barton came in and his wife explained everything to him. Sita had some dinner and then went to bed in a little room that was given to her. The next morning she told Mrs. Barton all about her flight from Miss Felton; and, though Mrs. Barton felt vexed, she said nothing to the girl about it, but wrote a long letter to Miss Felton, explaining everything and asking her to forgive the girl. Miss Felton naturally felt very anxious at first and then annoyed, but Mrs. Barton's letter relieved her anxiety in some measure, and she tried to make the best of the position.

Sita's great desire was to study for the Matriculation; and when Mrs. Barton asked her what she would like to do, she told her about it. So the girl was sent as a day-scholar to a high school in the neighbourhood. She took up her lodgings with a respectable Indian Christian family; and her expenses were mostly paid by the mission, in return for which the girl promised to work for it, after passing her examination. She progressed rapidly in her studies, having already read up to the Second Form in Miss Felton's school; and in five years she passed the Matriculation. She then, with the recommendation of Mrs. Barton, obtained a post as teacher in the same school, which belonged to the mission, on a salary which was just sufficient to provide her with food and clothing. She could have got a higher salary, but she refused to take more than what she absolutely needed, wishing in this way to repay the mission for their kindness to her. At first she found her work a little irksome, but soon she grew interested in it and really desirous of doing good to her little pupils; and in time she became a very good teacher and received a higher salary. Her character ripened and became sweeter and nobler, and she increased in Christian grace and beauty day by day. Mrs. Barton ever remained her friend and never did she find cause to think that her confidence in Sita was misplaced; and even Miss Felton in time came to appreciate her character.

By an Indian Lady.

Indian Women's Association.

THE Indian Community will be pleased to note the fruit reaped from the seed sown by the late Mr. K. Murugasa Naicker, one of the oldest Colonists, with respect to female education. In response to the invitation of Mrs. V. R. R. Moodaly (eldest daughter of the said Mr. K. Murugasa Naicker) about 100 Indian ladies met on last Saturday afternoon (1st. Feb., '08.) at the Hindu Young Men's Society's Hall, Cross St. Durban, for the purpose of considering the advisability of organising an Indian Ladies' Association.

Mrs. K. R. Nynah was unanimously elected to preside, who, in a lengthy speech, fully explained the need for such a body. Mrs. Moodaly, the Convener, earnestly urged the formation of an institution for promoting female education, unity, &c. Miss Goonaruthinum Moodaly read about Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda and her connection with the Social Conference in India.

Mrs. S. Godfrey said that the movement was an advantageous one and thought it was the best medium for the encouragement of female education.

Mrs. Gandaria highly appreciated the noble effort of Mrs. Moodaly and gladly supported the good cause. Amongst the many who spoke, were Mrs. Ameerthammal, Mrs. B. Gabriel, and Mrs. Cundasamy Pillay. They were thoroughly in accord with the idea of forming an Association and were pleased to be present to take part in its initial stages

At length, Mrs. Moodaly proposed that an Indian Ladies' Association be formed, which was unanimously carried. And Mrs. S. Godfrey proposed that the body be named "Indian Women's Association, which was carried.

The following officials were then elected:—

Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda—Patron.

Mrs. S. Godfrey, President; Mrs. K. R. Nynah and Mrs. V. R. Moodaly, Vice-Presidents; Misses A. Paul and R. G. Moodaly, Joint Secretaries and Treasurers.

Judging from the enthusiastic and representative character of the meeting, it is hoped that the effort of Mrs. V. R. Moodaly, who has taken no end of trouble, will be crowned with success.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

(1) That this Association be called "Indian Women's Association."

(2) That the objects of this Association shall be :—

(*a*) To promote union for the welfare of our compatriots.

(*b*) To improve our mother-tongue and general knowledge.

(*c*) To help one and another in moral and intellectual life.

(*d*) To give lectures on patriotical movements and other fitting subjects.

(3) Members to do their best individually and collectively for the welfare of the Association.

(4) The means employed for carrying out the objects, shall be classes, meetings and lectures.

(5) That the condition of membership be :—

(*a*) Any one may become a member subject to the approval of the Committee.

(*b*) Payment of subscription.

(*c*) All candidates to be nominated and seconded for membership.

(6) The Committee shall have the power of suspending or disqualifying any member, if necessary.

(7) All voting to be by show of hands.

(8) Any member of the Committee being absent for 3 consecutive meetings without satisfactory reason, shall cease to be a member of the Committee.

(9) The Committee can appoint a qualified member to fill in any vacancy in the Committee list, nevertheless the Committee may continue to act.

(10) (*a*) 5 to form a quorum at Committee Meetings.

(*b*) 10 to form a quorum at General Meetings.

(11) The Subscription shall not be less than six pence per mensem.

(12) (*a*) That an Annual Meeting shall be held during the first week of February.

(*b*) General Meetings shall be held during the First and the Third Saturday of every month.

(*c*) Special Meetings shall be called by the Secretaries on receiving a letter signed by at least six members, stating their object therein also at the request of the Committee.

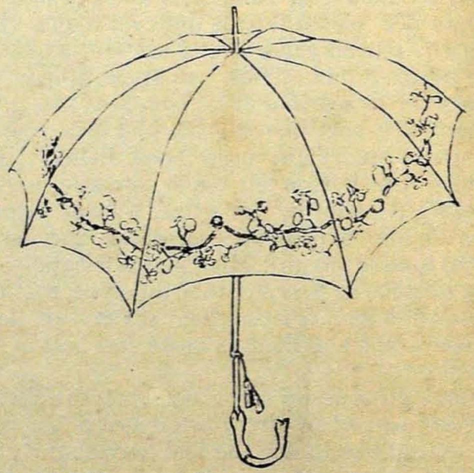
(*d*) Committee Meetings be called by the Secretaries whenever necessary.

(13) Members shall wear a broach with the name of the Association inscribed, in order to distinguish themselves.

Our Needle Work Column

HAND-PAINTED PARASOLS.

To the girl with a limited dress-allowance, but blessed with a certain amount of skill in design, the hand-painted parasol offers endless opportunities for ingenuity. For a few shillings a sunshade may be bought which, when tastefully decorated, will form a *chic* and original finish to a simple toilette ; or it may be used as a novelty in wedding presents for a girl friend who is collecting her trousseau.

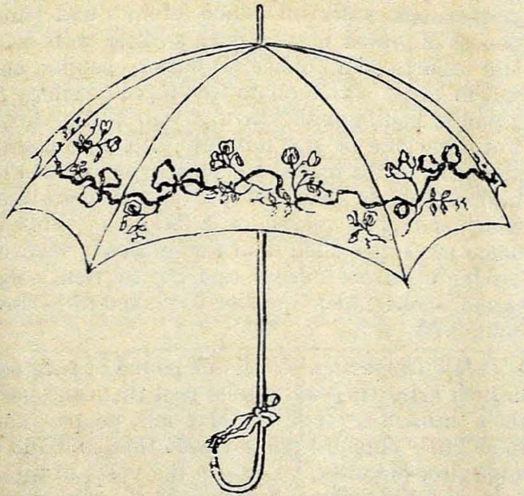


Design of brown and cream-coloured nasturtiums with knots of blue ribbon on a pink parasol.

The painting is quickly and easily done, as the tightly-stretched silk of the parasol makes a smooth and even surface upon which to work ; the chief drawback is that it is a large and cumbrous article to deal with, and is apt to overbalance at critical moments. It should be held firmly by the tip of the stick with the left hand while the work is going on, and should then be left opened for some time in order that the colours may dry thoroughly and evenly.

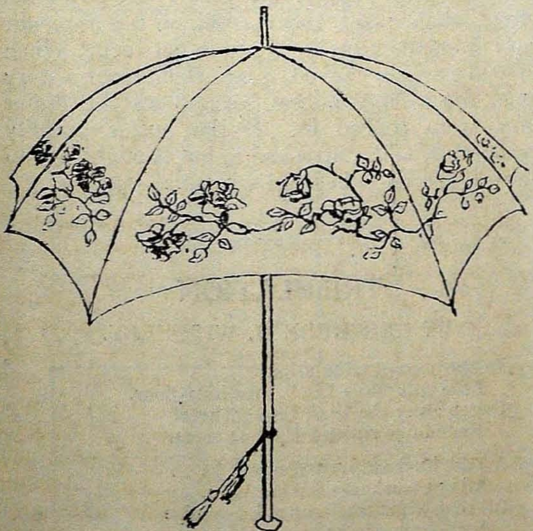
When selecting a parasol for decoration a plain silk of good quality, in white or some soft shade, will be found the most suitable, but care should be taken to choose a colour that tones with the design which has been decided upon. The latter should be carried out in an irregular wreath of some trailing flower, such as honeysuckle or sweet peas, while a softly twisting ribbon painted in white or pale blue adds grace and harmony to the scheme. It is most satisfactory, when possible, to paint the flowers from real ones, but, if these are not to be obtained, excellent copies can be hired for a few pence from any colourist's shop. Studies should be carefully made on paper before beginning upon the parasol itself, so that the artist may be thoroughly familiar with the forms of the flowers

and leaves when she comes to paint them. Confidence being thus obtained, the design may then be boldly put on to the silk, care being



Design of sweet peas and ribbon upon a pale blue parasol.

taken to draw accurately whilst avoiding any stiffness of treatment. A pencil may be used, if preferred, but, as the lines are likely to show through transparent colouring, a paint-brush and Chinese white will be found better. If the latter method is pursued, it is well to cover the whole surface of the design with the white, as otherwise a hard line will be left at the edges.



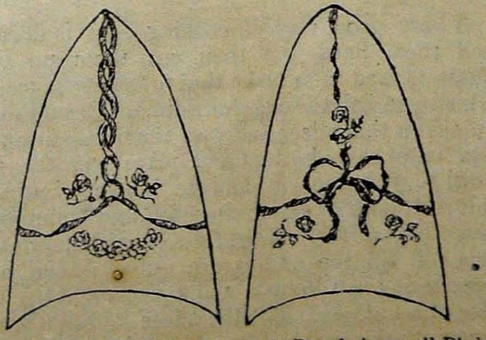
Design of " La Nrance " roses upon a white or cream-coloured parasol.

Having satisfactorily wreathed the sunshade, the first flat tints should now be laid on, ordinary water-colour paints being used, freely mixed with Chinese white in order to prevent running. Medium may be added, if desired, to give smoothness, but is really unnecessary if care be taken in mixing the colours. The most delightful part of the work is then arrived at, in the gradual completion of each panel, the flowers being carefully touched into shape, the leaves veined and shaded, and the loose folds of the ribbon softened and finished. The effectiveness of this naturally depends a good deal upon the artist's capacity; but if the design is boldly conceived and executed in a free decorative manner, good results may be obtained by the merest amateur.

It will be found that the colours which look bright when wet will be duller and paler after drying, so that constant re-touching is needed until the desired effect is obtained.

It must be remembered that the painting is to be displayed in strong sunlight, so that it requires to be much more brilliant than a mere study of flowers would be. The lights should be put in with Chinese white, carefully softened off; for the shadows, it is best to use the ordinary mixture of cobalt, brown madder and raw sienna, while in shading turquoise ribbon a touch of soft green may be added.

The accompanying illustrations show four designs which have proved very effective. The sweet peas, in all shades of that most fascinating flower, were lightly scattered over a ribbon wreath on a palest blue parasol: the brown and cream-coloured nasturtiums twined round a soft pink one, with knots of turquoise connecting the flowers; while both the rose designs were upon white. The conventional pattern in the fourth figure, carried out in twisted blue ribbons and " Dorothy Perkins " roses, was evolved to hide the dark marks which are so often seen in the centre of each panel when the parasol has lost its first freshness. This will be found a convenient way of reviving a last year's possession when a new one cannot be afforded. The old sunshade should be thoroughly washed with soap and water, and put to dry in the open air, after which it can easily be rendered new-looking once more by a repeated pattern cleverly adapted to hide any deficiencies.



Conventional design for Alternate Panels in small Pink Roses and Twisted Blue Ribbons.

Other pretty designs may be worked out with wistaria upon deep cream-coloured silk, or small sprays of apple blossom upon pale green: while I have seen a dainty mauve sunshade looking lovely with a decoration of white ribbon and clustering purple, white, and yellow pansies. It is advisable, while painting, to wrap the parasol handle in soft paper, for fear of scratching, and any cord or tassels should be removed until the work is completed. The greatest care must be taken that the sunshade does not get soiled and dingy-looking, as this will spoil the prettiest design.

Any girl who is really artistic but finds little scope for her talents in flower-painting, will welcome the chance of providing herself and her friends with such a pretty adjunct to a summer costume as a nicely-decorated parasol; and she will perhaps be able also to add to her pocket money by offering the finished article for sale, if the design is original and successfully carried out.

Our Cookery Column

A French Sweet.—Cut some slices of fancy bread into slices about an inch thick, fry these in plenty of butter. Have ready a rich sweet sauce and add to this some blanched almonds and preserved cherries. Pour this sauce over the fried bread and serve very hot.

A French Sauce.—Put into a small earthen jar the yolks of three eggs well beaten, with an ounce of butter cut up into small pieces, pepper and salt to taste. Place this jar in a saucepanful boiling water and stir it thoroughly till it is all mixed together, then throw in a tumblerful of lukewarm water, put the saucepan over the fire again and stir these ingredients together till they thicken, but do not let them boil or they will curdle, then put in three drops of vinegar and three tablespoonfuls of cream well beaten to a stiff froth. Pour the sauce into a sauce-boat immediately and serve as hot as possible.

A very good way of cooking eggs is first to boil them hard and then cut them up into quarters, and then make the following sauce, in which you boil the eggs for a time. Cut up some onions in thin slices and put them into a saucepan with some butter, and place over the fire until they become a delicate brown. Sprinkle this well with flour, stirring well and thinning it down with milk till of the right consistency. Let this boil till the onions are quite tender, add pepper and salt to taste and a piece of butter the size of a nutmeg. Put the slices of hard-boiled eggs into this and boil for a few minutes, stirring all the time.

An Italian Way of making Macaroni Cheese.—Boil some macaroni in water with a pinch of salt till quite cooked. Have ready the following white sauce. Mix an ounce of flour and three ounces of grated cheese with a little milk to a stiff paste; add an ounce of butter, pepper and salt to taste. Pour on to this three-quarters of a pint of boiling milk, stirring well all the time. Put the whole of the mixture into a saucepan and bring to the boil and keep stirring or it will burn. This is then poured on the macaroni, which should be placed on a flat dish. This is much more digestible than the ordinary way of making macaroni cheese, and not so rich. Macaroni cooks much quicker if soaked for a few hours first.

Potato Croquettes.—Boil one pound of potatoes in their skins till tender, then peel them and pass them through a tammy. Mix salt, pepper, and some finely chopped parsley with this, and add a large piece of butter. Beat up the yolks of three eggs, and add to the potatoes, and the whites of two which should be beaten to a stiff froth, and the whole mixed together. Make the croquettes into small rounds, dip them into some flour, and fry a delicate brown. They can be served with some gravy if preferred, or plain.

Stewed Carrots.—Select some good fresh carrots and cut them up into very small slices, or shave them on one of the little graters sold for that purpose, put three ounces of butter into a saucepan with pepper, salt, and a little powdered sugar, then place the carrots on the top, stir very often and keep the lid on in between. When they are nearly cooked, place them over a very quick fire to brown, and serve with the butter they were cooked in. If the butter entirely evaporates, add a little more, but it ought net to do so if the lid is kept on when not stirring.

TRIBULATION

BY GERTRUDE H. WITHERBY.

In the hour of tribulation
  Love will purge Life's threshing-floor,
Sweep away the chaff that gathers
  Round our ripened Harvest store.

All the husks of imperfection,
  All our weakness, all our pain,
All that hides the light of knowledge
  Falls from off the golden grain.

Lo, from out our tribulation
  Perfect truth in Love is found;
Seed of promise, fruit of labour,
  Lying on Life's threshing-ground.

So we gather up Love's harvest,
  Treasuring the precious seed,
From our tribulation gleaning
  Help and strength for future need.

A Puzzle Competition

THE SHAKESPEARE-NAMES PUZZLE.

(*Taken from the Girls' Own Paper.*)

DIRECTIONS.

The 144 letters make up the names of characters in Shakespeare's Plays. To find a name begin at *any* letter for the initial, but each succeeding letter must be in a square touching the one just used. No square may be used twice in the same name.

Lists should be sent in thus—

A D A M 14, 13, 26, 27.
D I A N 13, 1, 14, 2, 3, etc.

Lists must be addressed to The Editor, The *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, Royapet, Madras. "Shakespeare-Names Puzzle" to be written in the top left-hand corner of the envelope. Each list must be headed with the name and address of the sender.

No lists will, in any case, be returned.

A prize of Rs. 5 will be given for the longest list of names sent in; and, if they so desire, the names of the competitors will be mentioned. The last day for receiving the lists is the 31st May, 1908.

1 I	2 N	3 A	4 I	5 A	6 I	7 L	8 C	9 A	10 L	11 N	12 E
13 D	14 A	15 L	16 S	17 C	18 J	19 O	20 E	21 I	22 A	23 G	24 R
25 R	26 A	27 M	28 E	29 A	30 B	31 Y	32 T	33 U	34 B	35 P	36 E
37 I	38 A	39 N	40 X	41 S	42 S	43 R	44 T	45 M	46 S	47 G	48 U
49 R	50 G	51 D	52 A	53 N	54 E	55 U	56 A	57 O	58 V	59 C	60 S
61 I	62 E	63 U	64 S	65 T	66 I	67 C	68 S	69 N	70 I	71 D	72 E
73 L	74 H	75 O	76 I	77 O	78 U	79 I	80 N	81 S	82 S	83 C	84 A
85 O	86 C	87 Y	88 N	89 Q	90 G	91 R	92 E	93 L	94 U	95 E	96 Y
97 H	98 E	99 Y	100 U	101 A	102 T	103 O	104 C	105 W	106 L	107 L	108 F
109 L	110 R	111 M	112 R	113 B	114 E	115 D	116 M	117 E	118 D	119 S	120 O
121 E	122 O	123 D	124 E	125 N	126 A	127 R	128 O	129 N	130 D	131 E	132 R
133 L	134 P	136 H	136 I	137 C	138 K	139 D	140 I	141 O	142 A	143 L	144 D

N.B.—In the January number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, a prize competition was given, more as a trial than as competition. To this many answers were sent in; and the Editor encouraged by the ready answers to the puzzel is giving this new competition, in the hope that it will meet with the same success as the former one. This time, a prize will be given.

Exhibition of Women's Work at Karachi

IN December 26, 27, and 28, 1907, the All-Indian Mahomedan Educational Conference took place at Karachi. In connexion with the Conference, an Exhibition of Women's Work was held, and one day was set aside as a "Purdah Day" to allow Mahomedan and Hindu ladies to attend. Among the exhibits was some beautiful work done by the Begum of Bhopal, designed by herself; and with such an example in the State, it was little wonder that the work from the Bhopal Widows' Home was of a high order. Some very old embroidery was sent from Las Bela. The walls were adorned with purdah, amongst them being some desert cloths from Thar and Parkar, and a valuable peacock carpet made in Khairpur, the work probably of men. Drawings and paintings were included in the many specimens of the industry of women. Mahomedans, Hindus, Parsees, and Europeans contributed to the Exhibition, which was a great success.

The meeting of the Female Education Section was unfortunately held at a somewhat late hour, 8-30 P.M. On this account, and because the time was not known soon enough, many were absent who would otherwise have been glad to have attended; on future occasions it is to be hoped this will be remedied. By an arrangement of chicks (bamboo blinds) at the back of the platform, *purdah* ladies were able to be present during the lectures.

Maulavi Rahim Buksh Sahib, Senior member of the Council of Regency of Bahawalpur State, presided, and gave his presidential address in Urdu. Mr. W. A. J. Archibold, M. A., LL. B., Principal of Aligarh College, in an interesting speech, observed that what is good for the West may not always be good for the East, and urged that the "purdah system" and the "family system" should have due consideration. In the education of girls it was necessary to proceed very carefully, and he explained that the aim of such education at Aligarh was to help the girls to be better wives and mothers (home-makers), and not to fit them simply to pass examinations.

Mr. Mustak Ahmed Zahichi, B.A. (Aligh.), read an essay in Urdu on Female Education, and dwelt upon the necessity of recognising good qualities in men and women equally. He quoted a series of instances to show that the advance of one-half of humanity without the other was impossible. The Annual Report was read by Mr. Abdullah, Secretary of the Section.

In connection with the Conference, his Highness the Mir of Khairpur gave a "purdah party," the first of its kind in Sind; the wife of the Wazir of Khairpur was the hostess, and all the guests, both European and Indian, thoroughly appreciated the opportunity of thus meeting each other. The sincere thanks of all interested in the education and progress of Indian women are tendered to His Highness the Mir of Khairpur for the excellent precedent he has thus created.

M. E. C.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies

INDIAN WOMEN AND PUBLIC LIFE.

We often hear from the mouths of foreign critics of Indian life and manners that woman in India has always been more or less of a domestic animal, without any tinge of liberal culture or any wider outlook than the narrow circle of the family. But any one who will study the history of the country with unprejudiced mind will find numerous instances of women figuring as saints, warriors, statesmen, philanthropists and leaders of men. Not to mention the women of antiquity, even a cursory glance at our history in comparatively modern times confronts us with such names as Mira Bai of Mewar, Chand Bibi of Ahmadnagar, Durgavati of Jhansi, Rani Bhavani of Nator, Ahalya Rai of Indore and of numerous other widows of Bengal, such as Rani Swarnamayi of Kasimbazar—that have not only shown a remarkable ability in the management of the estates placed under their care, but also a high-minded liberality in the disposal of the incomes thereof. All these names are household words in the country and there are few even among the illiterate who have not heard of the names of Mira Bai, the queen who became a saint, Rani Bhavani, the "Mother of Bengal" as some Bengali poet has styled her, and of Ahalya Bai, the pious princess, whose philanthropic undertakings are familiar to every Hindu pilgrim.—"B. M."

EDUCATION OF MUSLIM GIRLS.

THE SAYEEDIA ZENANA SCHOOL.—The annual examination of the Sayeedia Zenana Girls' School, at Muthialpet, Georgetown, was held on the 22nd instant between 2 and 4 P.M., in the presence of several of the leading Mahomedan gentlemen and Moulvies, who had specially been invited to be present on this occasion. This procedure is a new departure, and was considered very desirable and essential in impressing and teaching the children their moral and religious obligations.

This institution was established in April, 1905, and has since then done good work in educating girls of the Muslim community, but it has also been instrumental, in imparting religious instruction, with a

view to improve the moral and spiritual tone of the children. The school has five classes and there are at present 125 girls, who are instructed by a staff, consisting of a Head Mistress and five assistant Teachers, and it is the only recognised Mahomedan Girls' School of its kind in Madras, imparting religious and secular instruction, in English and Vernacular. The school was recently examined by the official authorities under Government, and the Report received, shows the results as being very creditable and satisfactory. The Report was printed in Hindustani and circulated amongst those interested in the welfare and advancement of the school.

The friends who were present at the Examination were accommodated with chairs on on side of the Hall and the girls were placed on the other side of a *Purdah*. The Moulvies and gentlemen who were specially deputed to examine the children then proceeded to put questions in the presence of the audience, to each class behind the curtain. From the answers given by all the classes it is evident that the children have been carefully taught the Koran and several standard religious books. Fight of the girls of the highest class have completed reading the whole of the Koran. The replies given show that much care and labour must have been bestowed in teaching the children, and reflect great credit on the Head Mistress and her staff, who are directly under the control of the Manager and Secretary, Mr. M. A. Kuddus Badsha Sahib, a partner of Messrs. H. M. Badsha Sahib and Co. and his Assistant Secretary, Mr. Mahomed Sirajuddin Ahmed Sahib.

All those present were highly pleased with the work done in the school and expressed their warm and grateful appreciation to Mr. M. A. Kuddus Badsha Sahib for all the attention paid, and endeavours made to attain the object for which this institution was established, and congratulated him and the staff of teachers on the success achieved.

WIDOWS' HOME, MYSORE.

We have published in another column the account of the Mysore Widows' Home. The first Anniversary of this Home was celebrated on the morning of Sunday, the 1st March, 1908, at 8 A. M. Only ladies were invited. Mrs. Denham presided on the occasion. The programme was a varied and an interesting one. It consisted of a Sanscrit recitation, a dialogue, an English recitation, the reading of the report, and a song sung in chorus by the students of the Home to thank Mrs. Denham. The ladies of the Maharani's College very kindly played on the Veena, the acting Lady Superintendent Srimati Rukminiamma, B. A., taking the leading part. At the conclusion of the performance on the Veena, Mrs. Denham spoke as follows:—"When Mr. Narasingha Iyengar asked me to preside on the occasion of the First Anniversary of the Widows' Home, I was pleased to be able to show my sympathy in a movement for the amelioration of the sad condition of the Hindu widow. The trials and sorrows of the Hindu widow, especially the child-widow, cannot but appeal to the inner hearts of her more fortunate sisters in other countries. The problem is a difficult one and it is not for one so ignorant as myself to suggest remedies. Mr. Narasimha Iyengar has attempted to solve it by his Home. He may be compared to the Surgeon on the battle-field who seeks to alleviate the agony of the wounded. Better, if the necessity for such were obviated. Mr. Narasimha Iyengar cannot do any more than the Surgeon can to make war impossible. But what he can do he is doing. In a humble and modest way he is seeking to bring sun-shine into the lives of those who are the innocent victims of a system which condemns thousands to a life of undeserved suffering. Education is a great solace for such and will open the door to honorable professions such as those of teachers, nurses, midwives or doctors. I hope that this will continue to flourish and that its sphere of usefulness will be enlarged day by day. "At the conclusion of this speech, the Secretary of the Home proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Denham which was carried with acclamation. The members of the Home sang the National Anthem and invoked the choicest blessings of the Almighty on His Highness the Maharaja and the Royal Family.

A Hindu Widow-Marriage.—The marriage of Mr. Justice Ashutosh Mookerjee's widowed daughter took place on Monday last in Calcutta with a young man, named Babu Brojendranath Kanjilal, nephew of Babu Jadunath Kanjilal, M. A., B. L., Vakil of the Calcutta High Court. We congratulate both the parties on their courage of conviction. It will be remembered that some three years ago the girl, when she was only about ten years old, became a widow, and it would have been a sheer cruelty on the part of her parents if she were to bloom and fade like flowers in the forests. A few months ago, Mr. Justice Mookerjee was present at the wedding of the widowed daughter of Babu Devendra Chandra Ghosh and we concluded therefrom that Mr. Mookerjee had sympathy with such widow-marriage and hoped that his own unfortunate daughter would some day be given away in re-marriage. It is gratifying to us that our hope has been realised. Both the parties are orthodox Hindus and it affords us pleasure to note that they have come to recognise one of the evil customs of their society. We hope the humane principle that underlies the system of widow-marriage prevalent amongst the followers of the great Islamic faith will gradually cease to be misunderstood in any quarters.

A NOTABLE WIDOW-MARRIAGE.

The *Indian People* of Allahabad writes:—We earnestly desire to be associated with our contemporaries in Bengal and elsewhere in the congratulations offered to the Hon. Mr. Justice Ashutosh Mukerji on the re-marriage of his widowed daughter. At the age of ten this child was married to a grandson of the late Bankim Chandra Chatterji (his daughter's son, for the great novelist and prophet had no male issue), and within six months she became a widow. Mr. Justice Ashutosh Mukerji is a young man, comparatively speaking, for he was appointed a Judge of the Calcutta High Court when he was only forty years old. This is a record that has been broken only by the late Mr. Justice Dwarka Nath Mitra and the late Sir Romesh Chunder Mitra. We exclude Judges of other High Courts, such as the late Mr. Kashinath Trimbuk Telang, who was appointed a Judge of the Bombay High Court when he was 39 years of age and died four years later. Mr. Justice Mukerji has one of the most distinguished records in all India. He is not only one of the most brilliant graduates of the Calcutta University, but his subsequent career has

been wonderfully successful. At an election for a seat in the Governer-General's Council he had the distinction of defeating, on the one hand, the Maharaja of Durbhunga, the highest representative of the aristocracy in Bengal and Behar, and, on the other hand, Babu Surendranath Banerjee, the acknowledged leader of the people of Bengal. But Mr. Justice Mukerji never aspired to be a political leader, or a social reformer, and hence the step he has taken is all the more remarkable. Like charity political and social reforms are truest when they begin at home, and Mr. Justice Mukerji has proved himself a true social reformer by making a beginning at home. His daughter is now about thirteen years of age. The marriage was celebrated according to the rites prescribed by the Hindu Shastras.

THE MAHARANI OF MYSORE ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

The distribution of prizes of the Government Girls' Schools, Bangalore City, took place in Doddanna's Hall, Bangalore. Her Highness the Maharani, C. I., presided on the occasion. As soon as Her Highness arrived, Miss Rajagopal read the report of the Government Schools in the City. Her Highness distributed the prizes. On behalf of Her Highness the Maharani, the following address was read by Mrs. Carr:—

"It is a great pleasure to me to have been able to give away the prizes this afternoon and to see so many of the students and teachers of the Government Girls' Schools of Bangalore gathered together here. The cause of female education has always been very near my heart, and I welcomed the opportunity of showing my interest in the work of both teachers and students by my presence here to-day. The report of the Lady Superintendent, to which we have listened with much interest, shows that considerable progress has been made in this City in the matter of Girls' Schools, since the Government Girls' School was established in 1869. I gather that there are now over 600 girls on the rolls of the 5 schools represented here, with an average attendance of about 2—3rds of that number. The success achieved up to the present should encourage all concerned to persevere in the work. Too much importance cannot be attached to the proper education of our girls. On the influence of the educated women in the home, depends the proper upbringing of the children to come; and the mental and moral elevation of the whole community. I learn with the greatest satisfaction the efforts made to promote the cause of educating our poor widows. I rejoice to learn that a number have already been sent out as teachers or equipped with sufficient education to make them useful working members of the community. There is a great field of work for them as teachers not only in Mysore but throughout Southern India, for the difficulty everywhere is to meet the demand for woman teachers. Work done for the widows has my warmest sympathy and I look forward to the time when they will be regarded not as objects of pity, but as a special and privileged class devoted and set apart for the promotion of education and all other good works. The need of improved buildings and increased staff is one which, if I am rightly informed, you share with most of the girls' schools in the State. The matter is, I know, engaging the earnest attention of His Highness' Goverenment and I can only hope that all reasonable requirements will be satisfied in course of time. It only remains for me to congratulate the prize-winners and to express the hope to all the students here present, that the lessons that they have learnt at school will help to make them good and wise women, whatever position in life they may be called upon to fill."

The meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to H. H. the Maharani. This is the first time that H. H. the Maharani presided on such occasion and we hope that the silent interest she has long been taking in the education of her sisters in Mysore will hereafter assume an open practical shape.

HINDU DOMESTIC FELICITY.

From the Madras Mail.

Sir,—Sometimes a very deep meaning seems to be hidden under the daily usages and religious observances of the Hindus. In Hindu marriages it is usual to point out to the married pair the two stars in the Great Bear or Charles' Wain which are called by the Hindus *Vasishta* (*Mizar*) and *Arundhati* (*Alcor*). The object of this ceremony seems to be that the husband and the wife should tread in the footsteps of this ideal pair of ancient India. The Hindu *Purans*, *Itihasas* and the immortal works of Kalidas and other Sanskrit poets, are full of the praises of the loyalty of Vasishta and Arundhati to each other and their consequent domestic felicity. A secret of this domestic felicity lies in the derivative meaning of their names. *Rundhati* is present participle feminine of the Sanskrit root *rundh* (to obstruct), meaning "obstructive." When *a* is prefixed to it, it means "unobstructive." If a wife does not obstruct the wishes of her husband and never crosses him, all causes of her friction with her lord are at an end. This much regarding the duty of the wife. Let us now turn to the meaning of the husband's name. Professor Taranath Tarkawachaspathi in his great lexicon derives the word thus:—Vasinam Sreshtah, Vasishtah meaning "the greatest of all the Rishis who had conquered their passions, anger amongst them." If nothing rouses the anger of the husband, there is no cause for quarrel on his side. The wife irritates not; the husband is never irritated. Both thus properly perform their duties to each other. The newly married couple have an object lesson here. In this lies, in a nut-shell, the secret of all domestic bliss, upon which volumes have been written. Let husband and wife ponder over this. Vasishta alone is entitled to have Arundhati and Arundhati alone can have Vasishta. There must be reciprocity in all human concerns. With it, the world is a bed of roses: without it, it is a bed of thorns.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

THE AWAKENING OF INDIAN WOMANHOOD AND THE RECENT ACTIVITY OF INDIAN LADIES.

One of the remarkable signs of the times is the activity that is being displayed by Indian ladies all over the country in various movements of social progress, and especially in those which aim at wide education and enlightenment of their own sex. The Stree Bodh and Social Progress Jubilee Celebration which has just been held in the capital of Western India, is an event of unparalleled interest. The Stree Bodh is an organisation whose primary objects are to

forward the cause of female education and to encourage friendly social intercourse amongst all communities. The movement was started fifty years ago by a small band of Parsi and Hindu pioneers, one of the leading spirits among whom was the late Mr. Kabraji, a Parsi journalist. This gentleman started a paper, called the *Stree Bodh* whose object was to create an interest in the education of Indian women, and to free the Hindu, Mahomedan and Parsi communities from baneful and superstitious custom, the *Purdah* system being one of them. It is remarkable that the Parsis, who are the most advanced community in the matter of female education at the present day, could not claim so much even as a single girls' school in Bombay, fifty years ago. A few enlightened Parsi gentlemen in those days educated their girls by engaging Pundits, but this kind of education was only of an elementary type. The Parsis, like the Hindus and Mahomedans, were "purdah-ridden" in those days, and this circumstance added to the difficulty of spreading female education among them. It is said that Lord Elphinstone, when Governor of Bombay, announced that he would receive no gentleman at Government House receptions who came without their wives. This action is believed to have led to a disfavour of the *purdah* system amongst the Parsis, whose example was quickly followed by the other Indian communities. Whether this be the facts or not, the Parsis have been the pioneers of female education in Western India. The Stree Bodh Society has achieved wonders during the past half-century. The text of the Society is a saying of the Great Napoleon to the effect that a nation can only grow and prosper when it educates mothers of the race. The Guzerati translation of this text may be seen inscribed on the Stree Bodh banners. The Stree Bodh Jubilee Celebration, which took place a few days ago, was an altogether unique event. The celebration lasted a week, and was the most catholic in its aims. Mrs. Muir Mackenzie who has been earning golden opinions in Bombay by her active sympathy with every philanthropic movement, occupied the chair, and a number of striking addresses were delivered by Parsi, Hindu, Mahomedan and English ladies on various subjects, pertaining to the advancement of Indian womanhood. The more notable among the speakers were Lady Cowasji Jehangir who spoke in Guzerati on the subject of the ancient Iranis; Mrs. Ali Akbar who dwelt on the subject of newspapers and their influence on women; and Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, the well-known Bengali poetess, who made an earnest appeal for the abolition of the *purdah* system. It is noteworthy that a large number of Mahomedan *purdah* ladies took part in the celebration—a fact which is particularly instructive to Bengal. Mrs. Muir Mackenzi made an excellent President, and her speech was eminently worthy of the occasion. An interesting feature of the celebration was the gathering of some five hundred Hindu, Mahomdan and Parsi girls, who were selected from the different schools in Bombay. They marched in procession through the streets, and assembled in the Town Hall, where they gave a most enjoyable entertainment, comprising songs, dances and gymnastic displays. A writer thus describes the scene in the *Bombay Gazette*: "The Mahomedan girls in their beautifully embroidered satin trousers held hands with the demur Hindu maidens in their clinging *saris* or the Parsis in their embroidered velvet caps and Europeanised raiment. The interest of the scene lay not so much in its prettiness, but in its significance and in the thought that during the space of fifty years these things had come to pass." The celebration was brought to a close by an evening party at which Hindu, Mahomedan, Parsi and English ladies met together in friendly social intercourse.

Indian ladies' meetings and entertainments are heard of from South India, the United Provinces and other parts of India. We learn that the Indian ladies of Bangalore have organised a lecturing section. The speakers are all ladies, and the arrangements, including reporting, are conducted by themselves. The Subjects discussed mostly concern their own sex. One of the ladies recently read a paper on the "Bringing up of Children." She showed how the Japanese mothers reared their children, and drew attention to the fact that the ignorance of Indian mothers was one of the main causes for the degeneration of their offsprings. Another lady made an excellent *extempore* speech on the usefulness of women's organisations. The capital of the United Provinces was electrified, the other day, by a lecture delivered by Srimati Gayatri Devi of Jubbulpore. This lady is a talented Hindi speaker with a large fund of humour. Though evidently not English-educated, her views are as advanced as those of her sisters who have received Western enlightenment. In her speech at Allahabad, she dwelt vigorously on the need of relaxing the *purdah* system. We hope to see a few more lady lecturers like Mrs. Gayatri Devi giving their views on social questions. In Bengal, the awakening of Indian womanhood has been visible in several movements, not the least important of which is the National Indian Association, under whose auspices most pleasant social parties of European and Indian ladies are being held at different places. One was held recently in the house of Mrs. A. Chaudhri, and another at the Woodlands, Alipore, by Her Highness the Maharani of Cooch Behar. It is quite pleasing to see some of the high European ladies, such as Lady Minto, Lady Fraser, Mrs. Holmwood, Lady Allen, Lady Dane, Lady Maclean, Mrs. Streatfield, Mrs. Oldham and others, mixing freely with our Indian ladies. The Silpa Mahila Vidyalaya, under the management of Mrs. Hirenmoye Mukerjih has been doing excellent work in educating Indian ladies in all kinds of art. Our ladies at the same time are evincing much interest in public questions. They held a meeting the other day to thank the Ardhodoy Volunteers for their most praiseworthy work. A second meeting was held shortly after to discuss the Swadeshi and other questions. It really gladdens one's heart to see so much beneficent activity among the educated Indian ladies of Calcutta.

In connection with this subject, we are glad to notice that our young men are learning more and more to respect womanhood. Their conduct at the Ardhodoya festival was most admirable. It is only in Bengal that the *purdah* system is prevalent in the most rigorous form. In Bombay and Madras, Indian ladies appear in public, and so also to some extent in the Punjab and the Central Provinces. Even in this purdah-ridden Bengal, many of our educated men would perhaps like to bring out their wives, if they were sure that they would not be exposed to ill-bred vulgar curiosity. How much more we have yet to

learn, as regards our treatment of our women, may be seen any day during a railway journey. The impertinent curiosity and vulgar stare which follow Indian ladies, even under male escort, at railway stations, do not certainly give much encouragement to respectable Indians to bring out their ladies in public. However, a healthy change is now to be noticed, especially among our young men, and we have no doubt that, like sea-voyage, the *purdah* question will solve itself, when respect for women among us becomes common. Nothing has pleased us so much as that our young should have shown such innate chivalry ond courtesy towards our women during the Ardhodoya festival. We cannot do better than always bear in mind the precept of Lord Buddha that we should look upon women older than ourselves as our mothers, those of the same age as ourselves as our sisters, and those younger as our daughters. Respect for women connotes the highest standard of manliness. When Indian nationalism is based on social progress of the right sort, it will make us a nation worthy of respect.—*Indian Mirror.*

News and Notes

Mrs. Elizabeth F. Long, who lately died in Barry, Ills., left $500 to the Illinois Equal Suffrage Asociation and $500 to the Barry Public Library. She divided the rest of her estate among relatives and friends.

Miss Elizabeth Robins, author of "The Convert," and of the drama, "Votes for Women," has just returned to America. She has gone South to spend the rest of the winter. Miss Robins is a sister to Raymond Robinsons of Chicago.

Mrs. George F. Lowell of Newtonville, Mass., says that for the past six months she has been enclosing one of the little Political Equality Leaflets in every letter that she writes, and she is surprised at the amount of good it has done. Let others try the same plan. It is an easy and effective way to help the cause.

The Empress of Germany loves horses. Her private stables are filled with handsome animals. She insists that they shall all be well trained, and taught not to fear the roll of drums or the sound of firing. The Empress is fond of spirited horses, and is a daring rider. She wears a cuirassier uniform on all great occasions when she appears on horseback.

Miss W. McWilliams has just been appointed by Governor Folk of Missouri as school commissioner of Glinton County, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of the male commissioner. Missouri in this particular is ahead of Mississippi, where the Legislature has just refused to make women eligible to this office. It is also ahead of Massachusetts and several other States that fancy themselves progressive.

Mrs. Pember Reeves of New Zealand, in addressing a recent public meeting in England, spoke of the results of fifteen years of the enfranchisement of women in her country. It had decreased public house electioneering, she said, and had greatly widened the circle of domestic interest. In New Zealand they could not find a roomful of factory girls who did not know the provisions of the factory act. Woman suffrage had educated the whole nation, and the laws were obeyed as they never were obeyed except by the people who made them.

Mrs. John Fowler Train, in an address to the West End Women's Republican Association the other day, said that women needed to cultivate conscience. "You have good every-day consciences," she said; "you would not tell a lie; but when you see some article advertised for seven cents that you think is worth fifteen cents, you rush down and buy it, even though you know the store is one that doesn't pay its employees living wages. You buy it, with no thought of the flesh and blood that pays that difference in price. You do the thing that is ethically wrong, because it suits your convenience."

Mme. Laurence Fiedler, who came to this country a year ago on a mission from the French Government to investigate our schools and Philanthropies, pronounces the American public school system the best in the world. She commends our hospitals and sanatoriums, particularly the system of having a nurses' training school in connection with each large hospital. This is much better than the separate training schools abroad. Concerning the settlements, the clubs and other ways wherein American women work together for the general welfare, Mme. Fiedler expresses great enthusiasm. There is nothing like it in France, she says, Mme. Fiedler has made researches like those she is now nursing in America in both Germany and Denmark, and her subsequent reports and lectures have been published and have given her an international reputation. She founded in France a sanatorium for young girls threatened with consumption, and she is a member of many social betterment societies. She will remain in this country about two years longer.

A COURAGEOUS QUEEN.

No Royal lady in Europe has given more evidences of courage than the Queen of Portugal, whose indomitable spirit did not fail her even in the most tragic ordeal any woman has ever faced. It is not long since Her Majesty rescued a fisherman from drowning at Cascaes at great risk to her own life, an act of heroism which prompted the Kaiser to offer her the German medal for saving life. Some years earlier she plunged into the Tagus, and under circumstance of great danger, brought two drowning children safely to land. The medal she won by this deed of gallantry is one of her Majesty's most prized possessions. On another occasion the Queen was dressing on shore after her swim when she saw the boat which carried her attendant, an old sailor, capsize and its occupant struggling in the sea. Knowing that he could not swim, her Majesty, without a moment's hesitation, plunged into his rescue, and supported him until he was able to climb back into the boat.

Queen Amelia's beauty and grace made a lasting impression on all who saw her both on the occasion of the Royal visits and during her recent stay at Wood Norton for the Orleans wedding. One can well believe the story that the late King fell in love with

her through seeing her portrait when as Crown Prince he was one day calling on the wife of the French Ambassador. "What a charming young lady," he exclaimed, as he looked at the Photograph. "Yes," answered the Ambassadress, "and she is as charming as she looks. She is the Princess Amelie of Orleans." The next day the Prince was on his way to London, and a fortnight later the Royal engagement was officially announced.

Miss Sarah Arnold, dean of Simmons College, writes in the *Federation Bulletin* for January on "College Training in Household Economics."

Miss Cecelia Beaux, the distinguished American artist, will receive the honorary degree of doctor of laws from the University of Pennsylvania, on 'University Day," February 22.

Mrs. Susan Merrill of East Eddington, Maine, has supported herself for ten years and sent her two boys through college by making feather beds of real goose down, and selling them in New England.

Princess Carl of Sweden, a daughter of King Frederick VIII. of Denmark, has since her early days been a clever maker of children's toys. In the Swedish capital Princess Ingeborg's name is synonymous with skilled workmanship in this line.

Mrs. Maud Wood Park addressed the students of the University of California a few days ago on equal suffrage. She spoke in the chapel. The Oakland Times says that Mrs. Park is the first woman ever invited by President Wheeler to address the students of the State University at one of their Friday morning assemblies, and that it is also "the first time the cause of equal suffrage has been formally discussed and advocated from the platform of the University of California."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in an address at the New England Women's Club the other day, said that her husband, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, used to be a reader of the Woman's Journal. "It was not a paper in which I should have expected him to be interested," said Mrs. Howe, "and I was surprised as well as pleased to find him often poring over it. He once said to me, 'This question is one on which you will meet with no opposition, woman suffrage is so self-evidently right and just.' On that point, he did not show himself a prophet," Mrs. Howe added, with a smile.

Henrietta I. Goodrich, secretary of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston, writes in the *Federation Bulletin*: "The increase in housework wages during the last five years is shown strikingly by the records of the Domestic Reform League office. Within this period the number of general houseworkers at a wage of $5 or more has increased from one-seventh to more than one-half, the number of second maids at $5 or more from one-tenth to more than one-half, the number of cooks at $6 or more from one-third to more than two-thirds." She adds that even at this increased pay the supply of houseworkers is not more than half equal to the demand.

Mrs. H. M. Thompson, at the recent suffrage hearing, intimated that for 25 years woman suffrage had "made no headway." In the last 25 years, full suffrage has been granted to women by Colorado, Utah, Idaho, New Zealand, Australia, Finland and Norway. Russia has given them a proxy vote in the election of the Douma. Ireland has given them a vote for all officers except members of Parliament. England and Scotland have given them County Suffrage Kansas, Nova Scotia, British Columbia, the Northwest Territory, Ontario, New Brunswick and Quebec have given them municipal suffrage. Tax-paying women have been given a vote upon tax questions in Montana, Louisiana, Iowa, and in all the towns and villages of New York State. School suffrage has been granted by North and South Dakota, Arizona, Montana, New Jersey, Illinois, Connecticut, Ohio, Delaware, Wisconsin and Oklahoma. Great Britain has made women eligible as mayors, aldermen and town and country councillors. Minor forms of suffrage and eligibility to office have been given by many foreign countries. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe may well ask, as she did at the hearing, "Why should Massachusetts remain a little island of darkness ?"

Mrs. Norman C. Chapin of Great Harrington, Mass., has 112 pullets, from which she got 2,009 eggs during the month of January.

Mrs. Grace Quackenbos has hit upon what may prove to be the most practical plan yet devised for diverting the stream of immigration from the congested cities to those parts of the country that are in crying need of more laborers.

Miss Elfrida Everhart, reference librarian of the Carnegie Library of Atlanta, and instructor in the Southern Library School, has completed the manuscript of what should prove to be an exceptionally useful and valuable library tool— a "Hand-book to United States Public Documents."

Hon. Mrs. Harbord has made a daring and successful balloon trip across the British Channel, accompanied by C. F. Pollock of the Aero Club. The balloon started from Chelsea and descended at Stavelot, Belgium, in a violent snowstorm. Mrs. Harbord is the second woman to cross the Channel in a balloon.

Miss Mary Eva Chase, a five-year-old girl of Brookline, Mass., has just been awarded a medal by the Massachusetts Humane Society. She is the youngest person that has ever received it. She was struck and seriously hurt by an automobile last autumn, while trying to save a playmate from being run over.

Miss Edna May Crossley, a daughter of Prosecutor Crossley of Trenton, N. J., has taken up the work, unusual for a woman, of serving notices for the Attorney-General on the presidents of law-breaking corporations. Some of these magnates show considerable skill in evading male process-servers ; but when a representative of "big business" hears that a young lady wants to see him, and catches a glimpse of a beautiful girl waiting in the ante-room, he hastens to open the door of his office, and is promptly served with a notice. Miss Crossley is an expert stenographer, and is employed in the office of the Attorney-General.

Miss Flora MacDonald is at the head of the department of interior house-decoration lately started by the Boston Women's Educational and Industrial Union. She gives expert advice to any one wishing it, in regard to all matters of house furnishing or decoration. Already her services are in great demand and she receives calls from all over New England. One day she is sent for to New Hampshire to give the benefit of her taste in regard to the artistic furnishing of a parlor; another day to Connecticut to plan a billiard room; another to Rhode Island to advise about the colors to be used in a stained-glass window; and she has innumerable calls from places nearer by, to give expert counsel as to the tinting of walls or the best way to make over old furniture. Miss MacDonald was for some time with her father in the MacDonald Stained Glass Window Company, and has also made a special study of stained-glass windows abroad. She has excellent natural taste, improved by the best cultivation. While the main object of starting the department was to help persons of small or moderate incomes to get the largest amount of beauty for their money, the rich are taking advantage of the opportunity with even greater eagerness than those of less means. The price is moderate, and the proceeds go to the E. and I. Union.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for March, 1908.

		RS.	A.
1.	Achath Devaki Ammal	4	0
2.	T. Abboyee Naidu, Esq., Nellore ...	4	0
3.	S. M. Bose, Esq., Monai	4	0
4.	The Ceylon Women's Union, Colombo ...	4	0
5.	N. Chattopodhaya, Esq., Hyderabad ...	4	0
6.	Miss Dass, Gorackpore	4	0
7.	Mrs. Holcomb, Jhansi	8	12
8.	A. John Pillay, Esq., Tanjore ...	8	8
9.	Miss O. Muthukistna, Ceylon ...	4	0
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25.	Mrs. Roy, care of Roy, Esq., Narsapur ...	4	0
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27.	Mrs. Ramabai Ranade, Poona ...	4	0
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31.	T. K. Rangaswamy Iyengar, Esq., Chidambaram	4	0
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40.	Hon. Secretary, J. N. Petit Institute, Bombay	4	0
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42.	Hon. Secretary, Literary Union, Bangalore	4	0
43.	Srirangamma, Mysore	12	0
44.	A. McG. C. Tampoe, Esq., I.C.S., Masulipatam	4	0
45.	Miss E. L. Weiskotten, Rajahmundry ...	4	13

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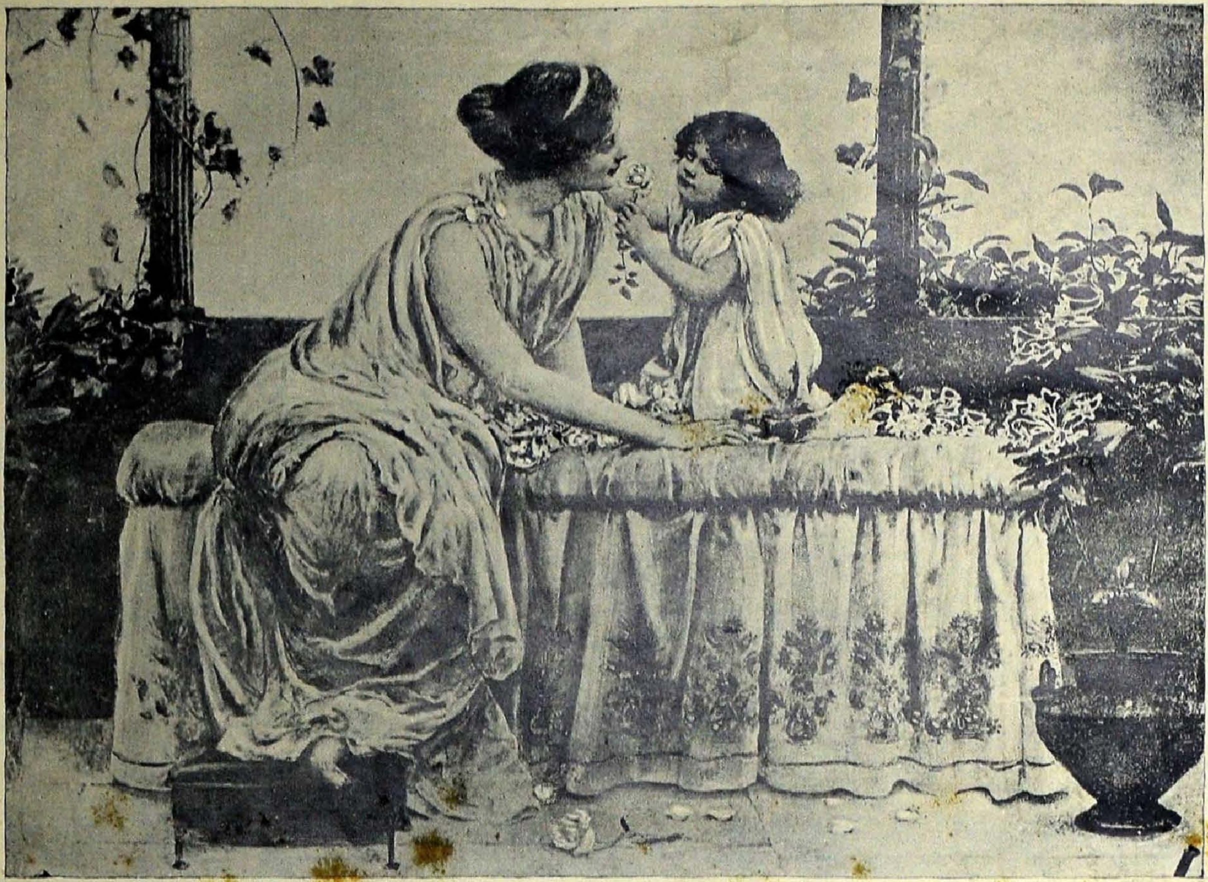

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